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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 18, 1897.

#### PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S CABINET.

NEXT to the Chief Magistrate himself, his principal advisers, who form what is called the Cabinet, are objects of lively interest to the people of the United States. The eight men who have been appointed by President McKinley to what in foreign countries would be termed the great Ministries of State, have been deliberately and wisely chosen: they can bear the fierce blaze of publicity; the most searching examination of their private and public careers has rounded signally to their advantage. In accordance with a usage, which has grown up since the Civil War, several of the members of the Cabinet have been drawn from private life. When the Federal Government was first established under the Constitution, and for some seventy years afterward, our Presidents selected their advisers from men of long experience in the public service. Thus Washington made Thomas Jefferson his Secretary of State, and Alexander Hamilton his Secretary of the Treasury. For many years it was the custom to name for Secretary of State the statesman who was intended to be the President's successor. For example, Madison, Monroe and John Quincy Adams had each, before becoming the Chief Magistrate, acted as Minister for Foreign Affairs in the Cabinet of his predecessor. Since the war of the rebellion, however, and the ensuing immense expansion of our industrial and commercial interests, coupled with the virtual extinction of the Southern landholding aristocracy, there has been a marked change as regards the inclination of men of ability to expend their lives in the public business. The prizes of political life now seem to many men of talent insignificant in comparison with those offered to the great captains of industry and trade. The result has been that recent Presidents have deemed it injudicious to confine their choice of counselors to politicians, and have believed that the public welfare would be best promoted in certain departments by summoning to their side men who have given proof of rare capacity in the management of business and the various applications of capital. Mr. McKinley, as it will be seen, has conformed to their example in this particular.

Let us now review very briefly what is known of the eight men composing the new Cabinet, beginning, of course, with the Secretary of State, and considering each in the order of their rank, which itself is adjusted to the order of time, in which the several offices were created.

The name of John Sherman, who is Mr. McKinley's Minister for Foreign Affairs, is far more familiar to his countrymen than is that of any of his colleagues. He is the last survivor of the great commoners of the Civil War and reconstruction periods. He is descended from one of the earliest settlers of New England, and comes of a stock which has been repeatedly conspicuous in American history. Among his deceased kinsmen may be mentioned Roger Sherman of Connecticut, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, a framer of the Articles of Confederation, and a framer of the Constitution; among his relatives still living should be named Senator Hoar of Massachusetts and William M. Evarts of New York. He himself has been active in public life for nearly half a century. It was in 1854 that he entered the House of Representatives, and within five years he had acquired such influence that he was the Republican candidate for Speaker, and came within three votes of being elected. Had he followed his own bent, he would have gone with his brother William into the army on the outbreak of the Civil War, and it was only in deference to the exhortations of President Lincoln and Secretary Chase, who needed such a man in Washington, that he allowed himself to be elected to the United States Senate from Ohio. He was re-elected to the Senate in 1866 and in 1872. Four years later Mr. Hayes became President, and Sherman was called to take the Treasury Portfolio. His record as Secretary of the Treasury forms an inseparable part of the fiscal annals of his country, and the peculiar force of the man's individuality is exemplified by the fact that the financial policy associated with his name was as pivotal an issue in 1896 as was the Republican tariff policy. He may be said to have shaped the system of finance which is the basis of business and banking in this republic to-day, and under which, whatever its assailants may allege, the United States for many years enjoyed remarkable prosperity. On the retirement of Mr. Hayes to private life in 1881, Sherman resumed his Senatorial career, and has continued it for sixteen years. His distinguished services in connection, first, with finance, and afterward with the foreign relations of the country, fixed the eyes of his fellow citizens upon him, and in 1880, 1884 and 1888 he was a candidate for President. It was he, rather than Garfield, who would have been preferred by the mass of his countrymen in 1880, and it was he, again, rather than Harrison, who was the popular favorite in 1888. Even in 1892 at the Minneapolis convention many of the anti-Blaine Republicans were still loyal to him, although he himself had but little hope of being nominated at that time. It has been said that he is cold and distant, and has not the faculty of making ardent personal friends; it is certain that he has none of Blaine's magnetic attractiveness, yet is he not devoid of a certain old-fashioned courtesy. As regards his special qualifications for the place of Secretary of State, it must be remembered that he has long been chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, and ought, therefore, to be familiar with all the elements of the pending foreign questions of the retiring administration. He should, if he has used his opportunities, possess all the threads of diplomacy which have led up to the present status of the Cuban situation, to the Venezuelan affair, to the arbitration treaty with Great Britain, and to the Hawaiian annexation policy. A Jingo he certainly is not. He is not a man who seeks war for war's sake, yet it has never been said of him that he avoided it, if his quarrel was just, or that he was disposed to purchase peace at the price of his country's dignity or duty. His friends believe that in his hands the honor of the United States is safe. They regard him as a man who thinks out thoroughly a plan of action, and then pursues it without swerving, and without fear of responsibility.

The office next in rank, and perhaps superior in importance, to that of Secretary of State is that of Secretary of the Treasury. This office in President McKinley's Cabinet will be filled by a self-made man, who has never before held a political post. Lyman J. Gage was born June 28, 1836, in De Ruyter, N. Y. He entered the academy at Rome, N. Y., when he was ten years of age, but, after only four years of schooling, he was obliged to begin the battle of life. He obtained a place in the Rome post-office, where at the start his wages were but five dollars a month; but a year afterward he was promoted to the position of mail agent on the

Rome and Watertown Railroad. He first entered on the line of work, which was to constitute the main occupation of his life, in 1854, when he became a clerk in the Oneida Central Bank at the salary of one hundred dollars a year. Eighteen months later, he went to Chicago, but at first found no opening in a banking institution, and had for a time to work hard for small pay as bookkeeper in a lumber yard. When the yard suspended operations in the crisis of 1857, he was glad to act as a watchman sooner than sink into idleness. In August 1858, however, he started on the upward path by obtaining the place of bookkeeper in the Merchants' Saving, Loan and Trust Company of Chicago at a salary of five hundred dollars per year. With so much efficiency did he now labor, that in less than six months he was promoted to the position of paying teller at a salary of twelve hundred dollars, and at the expiration of a year was further advanced to the functions of assistant cashier at a salary of two thousand dollars. At the end of another year he attained to the post of cashier, and held it until 1868, when he took the more lucrative place of cashier in the First National Bank of Chicago, perhaps, upon the whole, the greatest financial establishment in the West. Here he soon gave unmistakable proof of a high order of banking genius. So much did his services extend the influence and the profits of the bank, that, in 1882, when a new charter was procured, he was elected Vice-President and Manager. After discharging the active duties of these executive offices for a number of years, he was chosen president in January 1891, a place which he has just resigned to become Secretary of the Treasury. Long before this, Mr. Gage's abilities had been generally recognized by the financiers of the country, and as far back as 1882 he had been chosen President of the American Bankers' Association; twice he was unanimously re-elected to that honorable post. Aside from his prominence as a banker, Mr. Gage eventually became widely known to his fellow citizens in a semi-public capacity. He was one of those who wrought the success of the World's Columbian Exposition, an achievement which challenged the admiration of both hemispheres, and has done more to establish the reputation of Chicago in the Old and the New World than would fifty years of ordinary growth. Mr. Gage was chairman of the committee sent to Washington in behalf of his adopted city; he was one of three gentlemen who pledged ten million dollars on behalf of the municipality, and, when the Exposition Company was organized, he was its first president. He presided over the bankers' section of the World's Congress, and was one of the chief promoters of the Art Institute, and, later, of the Field Columbian Museum. We observe, lastly, that Mr. Gage's interests have led him to the study of economics, especially the relations of capital to labor, and he has taken a conspicuous part in the discussion of questions growing out of those relations.

By appointing Russel A. Alger of Michigan Secretary of War, President McKinley has pleased all the survivors of the soldiers of the Union, and, of course, also all the children of those veterans. It was in Lafayette township, Medina County, Ohio, that the future General and Governor was born, on February 27, 1836. At the age of thirteen, young Alger was left without a dollar in the world, and with a younger sister and brother dependent on himself. Having found a shelter for them, he went to work for his board and clothes and three months schooling per year, and, afterward, for small monthly wages as a farm hand. He managed to spend several terms at Richfield Academy, and eventually in the winter of 1856 obtained a position as teacher of a district school. Out of his earnings at this period he was able to do something for his brother and sister, and to prepare himself to enter a law office at Akron. Having been admitted to the bar, he went to Cleveland to practice his profession, but overwork had impaired his health, and on the last day of 1860 he set out for Michigan, where, with a little borrowed capital, he joined with a friend in the lumber business at Grand Rapids. By the spring of 1861 the two friends had lost all they had through the failure of a Chicago firm, but the outbreak of the civil war opened a new opportunity, and in August, 1861, Alger enlisted in the Second Michigan Cavalry, and was soon after made a captain. Another captain in the same regiment was Philip H. Sheridan, and, on the promotion of its colonel, Alger was sent



to Pittsburg Landing to induce Governor Blair to appoint Sheridan to the vacant colonelcy. This he successfully accomplished, and thus began Sheridan's rapid advance in the army. Alger served under him at the battle of Boonesville, Mo., and was wounded and taken prisoner, escaping, however, the same day. He became lieutenant-colonel of the Sixth Michigan Cavalry in October 1862, and continued in the service throughout the war under Sheridan, Kilpatrick, Custer, and once more under Sheridan in the Army of the Potomac in 1864. He is said to have been in more than sixty battles and minor engagements. He was seriously wounded at Boonesborough, Md., July 8, 1863, after passing safely through the battle of Gettysburg. In 1864 he was made brevet Brigadier-General of volunteers for gallant and meritorious service at Treville Station, and on July 11, 1865, brevet Major-General. On retiring from the army, General Alger returned to Michigan, and engaged in the lumber business at Detroit. He was a pioneer in the use of railroads for getting logs out of the forests, and rapidly built up an extensive business. With the increase of his wealth and business connections, he gradually acquired an interest in a number of industrial and commercial enterprises, not only in Michigan, but in several other States and Territories. It is said of him that during a business career of more than twenty years, while having thousands of men in his employ, he has never had a strike, nor any kind of difficulty with his workmen, and he has never sued nor been sued in the course of his vast business operations. His entrance into politics was brought about as follows: In 1882, by a coalition with the Greenbackers, the Democrats elected a governor of Michigan for the first time in thirty years. In 1884 the governor was renominated, with the same combination behind him, and General Alger consented to take the Republican nomination in the hope of redeeming the State. He was triumphantly elected, receiving the largest Republican vote ever cast in Michigan. His administration was characterized by strict integrity and faithful devotion to the interests of the State. He peremptorily declined a renomination for governor, but it is well known that he has since been more than once a candidate of his State for the Presidency.

Joseph McKenna of California, the new Attorney-General, was born in Philadelphia on August 10, 1843, and was just twelve years old when he went with his parents to the Pacific coast. His education had been begun at St. Joseph's College in his native city, and it was continued at the collegiate institute in Benicia, Cal. After leaving the institute, he read law under a Dartmouth College man, and at the age of twenty-two was admitted to practice. He had been admitted but for a short time when he ran for District Attorney and was elected. That he must have given satisfaction is evident from the fact that he was chosen for a second term. In 1875 he was sent to the California legislature, and, after that, he ran for Congress but was beaten, his district being Democratic. This took place in 1876. Two years later he ran again, and once more was defeated. Then the State was redistricted in the interest of the Republicans, after which Mr. McKenna succeeded in getting himself returned to Congress. That was in 1884. He served acceptably in the House of Representatives, and was re-elected for four successive terms. Then, a place in the Federal judiciary being made vacant by Judge Sawyer's death, Mr. McKenna was appointed by President Harrison a Judge of the United States Circuit Court. Judge McKenna has nothing in common with the now obsolete type of Californian depicted by Bret Harte. By his friends he is particularly esteemed for his tact and his courtesy as well as for his loyalty and frankness. In respect of religion, he is a Roman Catholic. "Religion," he said recently, "should not be considered in a public man, but I have no hesitancy in saying that I am a Catholic and always have been."

For the place of Postmaster-General, the President has selected Mr. James A. Gary, one of Baltimore's merchant princes, and for years a recognized leader of the Republican party in Maryland. Mr. Gary has had much to do with the recent transfer of Maryland from the Democratic to the Republican column, and from the viewpoint of politicians has richly earned his reward. Mr. Gary is of Puritan stock, originally planted in Massachusetts. He

was six years old when he went to Maryland with his parents from Connecticut. The Albion cotton mills were established by his father, the son becoming a partner in 1861. Some idea of the business interests which he has gradually acquired may be formed, when we mention that he is a Vice-President of the Citizen's Bank, a Vice-President of the Consolidated Gas Co., a director in the Baltimore Trust and Guaranty Co., in the Savings Bank of Baltimore, the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Insurance Co., and the Baltimore Warehouse Co. Mr. Gary has taken a warm interest in politics for nearly forty years. As early as January, 1861, he was one of the three delegates from Howard County to the great Union Convention held at the Maryland Institute. In the Philadelphia Convention of 1872, which renominated Grant, he was chairman of the Maryland delegation. In the same year Mr. Gary made a fight for Congress in Southern Maryland, but the Democrats proved too numerous. In 1876 he was again chosen a delegate to the Republican National Convention, in which after the first ballot he cast his vote for Hayes. During the Hayes administration he became intimately acquainted with John Sherman, then Secretary of the Treasury, and the resultant friendship explains the fact that in 1880 Mr. Gary went to the National Convention a strong Sherman man. In the National Convention of 1884 he favored the nomination of President Arthur, but four years later he appeared at Chicago as again a supporter of Sherman and bent all his powers to bring about the Ohio statesman's nomination. When he realized that once more Mr. Sherman's aspirations were to be disappointed, he cast his lot with the Harrison men. At Minneapolis in 1892, he stood by Harrison from the start, but when for the seventh consecutive time he went last June as a delegate to a Republican National Convention, he was an ardent advocate of McKinley. To this epitome of his career in State and National policy we should add that Mr. Gary has always been a liberal contributor to campaign funds, having spent many thousands of dollars without any hope of recompense beyond the pleasure of witnessing the triumph of his party.

It was in Buckfield, Maine, that John Davis Long of Massachusetts, the new Secretary of the Navy, was born fifty-eight years ago. When at the age of the fourteen he entered Harvard College, he brought his belongings from his old homestead in a carpet-bag. He was too poor to join the social clubs of the college, but he became conspicuous in a literary way, was chosen orator by his class, and graduated fourth in the rank list. After graduation he taught school for two or three years, while preparing himself for the profession of the law. He first began to practice in Buckfield, but presently removed to the New England metropolis, picking out for himself a home in the town of Hingham, some seventeen miles from Boston. He has been unusually successful in his profession, his firm, Long & Hemenway, being reputed to do a greater volume of business than any other firm in Boston. His political career began in 1875, when he was elected to the lower house of the Massachusetts Legislature, over which he presided as Speaker in 1876, 1877, and 1878. He was elevated to the Lieutenant-Governorship in 1879, and occupied the Governor's chair in 1880, 1881, and 1882. While still chief executive, he was elected to the House of Representatives from the Plymouth district, and served in the forty-eighth, forty-ninth, and fiftieth Congresses. Defeated in 1889 by Mr. Dawes in a contest for a seat in the United States Senate, he retired from public life, and neither he nor his friends expected any further advancement for him. The inside story of ex-Governor Long's sudden re-entry into public life cannot as yet be written. To him, however, it is highly creditable.

Few men in the State of New York are better known to their fellow-citizens than is Cornelius N. Bliss, who, after rejecting the post of Secretary of the Navy, accepted reluctantly at the eleventh hour the Department of the Interior. It is a Department which is commonly supposed to impose more labor upon the incumbent than do all of the others combined; the number of its employees in Washington is about sixteen thousand. Not only in the city and State of New York, but wherever industry and commerce thrive in the United States, Mr. Bliss is recognized as the possessor of rare business aptitudes, as an able financier, and as a man of patriotic instincts. A strong protectionist, he has

always regarded Mr. McKinley with the highest admiration. Never a politician in the sense of office-holding or office-seeking, he has always, when national interests have been at stake, been lavish in the expenditure of his time and of his wealth for the promotion of good government. He, like all his colleagues in the Cabinet, is a self-made man. Born in Fall River, Mass., about sixty years ago, he received merely a common-school education, and at the age of twenty became a clerk in his father's commission house in New Orleans. Going to Boston in 1848, he entered the employ of James M. Beebe & Co., and in a short time became a member of that firm. In 1866 he went into partnership with John and Eben Wright, and the branch store, opened by the firm in New York City, was placed under Mr. Bliss's management. It eventually became the agent of a large number of New England factories, and is now recognized as one of the leading dry-goods houses in the American metropolis. Mr. Bliss is a conspicuous member of the New York Chamber of Commerce, and a director in many financial institutions. He was for a long time President of the Protective Tariff League; was Chairman of the Republican State Convention in 1878 and 1888, and has twice acted as treasurer of the Republican National Committee. He declined the Republican nomination for Governor in 1885, and again refused to be a candidate for that office in 1891.

The only member of the new Cabinet, who was not born in the United States, is James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture. James Wilson was born in Ayrshire, Scotland, sixty-one years ago. He was the son of a Scotch farmer, who emigrated to Norwich, Conn., in 1851, but five years later removed to Iowa, purchasing a tract of land in Tama County, which has been the home of his distinguished son ever since. It is from the farm, on which he has spent the greater part of his life, that the new Secretary of Agriculture gets his sobriquet of "Tama Jim," originally bestowed to distinguish him from Senator James F. Wilson of the same State. He received only an elementary education, and all of his time, not given to politics, has been spent in agricultural work. He owns and tills twelve hundred acres of land; conducts a farm and dairy department for a syndicate of Iowa weekly newspapers, and he is a professor in the State Agricultural College. He has been thrice elected a member of the Iowa Legislature; he has been a State railroad commissioner; and he was chosen a member of the House of Representatives in 1874, 1876, and 1882. He is one of those fortunate men in public life against whom none has ever uttered a word of defamation. His integrity and his ability are generally acknowledged. For a quarter of a century he has been known in Iowa as a prominent man for whom advancement has been repeatedly foretold, and the prediction is at last fulfilled.

The report is current in Washington that Congress will be requested to authorize the designation of a ninth member of the Cabinet, to be styled the Secretary for Industry and Commerce. Such a Ministry exists in almost all the Parliamentary governments of Europe, and there is room for it in the United States.

THE extreme suitability of Mr. Isaac Iselin as Consul to Geneva, Switzerland, is a fact which the WEEKLY takes pleasure in recording. Mr. Iselin, with perfect personal dignity and no hint of the ordinary office-seeker's "push," has shown his willingness, and also his desire, to attain this position, for which he is eminently qualified. He is in the prime of life, or perhaps a little on the "younger" side of it; he has for years been a gentleman of distinctive position in the best circles of New York society; he speaks the French and German languages with equal fluency; he has hosts of warm and admiring friends. But this is not all. Mr. Iselin's family name, while for years so well known in New York, is one with which Switzerland has long been familiar. His ancestors in Basle, and his present kindred there, are an honorable reason for his acceptability as a Consul from our greater Republic to the smaller yet noble and gallant one in which his talents, kindness and high breeding would undoubtedly make him *persona grata*. The WEEKLY most cordially indorses Mr. Iselin's claim, and most earnestly hopes for it the political indorsement which it amply and richly deserves.

THE four hundredth anniversary of the birth of Melancthon was celebrated February 16 at Bretten, in the Grandduchy of Baden, and the foundation-stone of a monument to his memory was laid.



## THROUGHOUT THE LAND.

BY JOHN HABBERTON,  
Author of "Helen's Babies."

THE American farmer continues to appear much better off than some of his pretended friends have reported. When wheat began its gratifying rise in price about six months ago the manufacturers of dismal stories about the condition of the farming community made haste to explain that the rise would be of no benefit to the men who raised the wheat, for such of the crop as had not been previously pledged for advances had already been bought up by speculators, who alone would be the gainers. As wheat continued to rise, the farmers' professed friends continued to bemoan the loss which had to be endured by a class that was so poor that it had to sell its products at the earliest possible moment. The rise was so continuous and great that any man would have felt justified in selling for fear of a decline. In the face of these facts the Government crop report for the present month shows that one-fifth of last year's wheat crop is still in the hands of the farmers themselves. The only possible explanation is that the owners are holding it for a rise, and that they can afford to do so. Is there any other large business class in the United States so prosperous as to be able to hold for half a year a fifth of its output, despite good prices and active demand?

The possible uprising of Greece against the unspeakable Turk should give much cheer to thousands of fiery Americans who wanted to go to Cuba to help the insurgents but whose services the Cubans unkindly declined. Greece is a healthier country than Cuba; it is a land full of inspiring associations, and it is so far from home that any adventures there should seem far more romantic than those which might befall an American free lance in Cuba. It is true that the Turks are harder fighters than the Spanish soldiers in Cuba seem to be, they have the ungentlemanly custom of cutting off the heads of wounded enemies, but between being beheaded and being slowly bayoneted or hacked to death with machetes any sane man would prefer the Turkish method. There would be no money in it, for Greece is as poor as the chances of free silver coinage, but so was and is Cuba. Yet no Americans seem to be begging to be sent over there. What can be the reason? Is it possible that they didn't so much want to fight in Cuba as to have a summer sea's excursion at the expense of some one else?

A remarkable address on George Washington and the American Republic was delivered in London on Washington's Birthday by Sir Frederic Monson, one of Britain's ablest diplomatists. British admiration of the character of Washington is not rare; the Father of His Country had many hearty English admirers in his own day, one of them being King George himself. The significance of Sir Frederic Monson's address was in the implication or admission that feeling against the American rebels of 1775-83 was confined to the English Government, the people being entirely friendly to their American cousins. This admission was supposedly and probably made to influence modern American sentiment and improve the chances of the Arbitration Treaty, but why it should do so is difficult to see. American historians have never blamed the English people for the impositions which caused the Revolutionary War; the entire iniquity has been charged to a pig-headed King and a subservient Ministry. It would be pleasing to believe that we are still regarded kindly and affectionately in England; unfortunately, however, the English people now get most of their impressions of America from their own newspaper press, the tone of which all things and people American is almost universally contemptuous and abusive.

Assuming, however, that the people of England like us fairly well, what effect would this have upon any arbitration proceedings? International difficulties are handled by Governments, not by the people; and the successive Governments of any country differ as greatly from one another as do an equal number of March days. For many years the English people, as a body, have been the most intelligent, fair-minded and well-meaning of European populations; yet during the same period most of their Governments, or Cabinets, have been guilty of acts and aggressions as cannot be charged to any modern nations except perhaps Russia and Turkey. The Governments, not the people, have made Britain the most generally hated nation on the face of the earth. The average record of these Governments, not any distrust or dislike of the English people, is the cause of American hesitation regarding the Arbitration Treaty.

Probably the hardest test to which bicycles and their riders were ever subjected was the run made last summer, but only recently publicly reported, by Lieutenant Abercrombie and two non-commissioned officers of the Second U. S. Infantry. The run was from Omaha to Chicago, a distance of more than eleven hundred miles. The bicycles, with their loads, weighed about fifty pounds each, the roads followed were not paved, and most of them were rough, and the weather was variable. Portions of the route led over railway beds, the wheels being driven over the ties and even over the trestles of bridges, yet the average distance covered was nearly ninety miles a day. To most wheelmen the most remarkable fact of the trip was that there were no breakdowns of either men or wheels—a high testimonial to the strength of the modern bicycle and the physical quality of the American soldier. From all this it would appear that the bicycle, in proper hands, may be depended upon to replace the horse in many kinds of light road work in the rural districts, such as mail carrying, package delivery, physicians' visits, etc., and that the healthy would-be tourist without much money may be entirely independent of railway trains and that abomination of all modern travelers, the "stage."

New York's great legislative investigation of trusts has ended and the committee has made its report. As it is generally admitted that the biggest of the suspected combinations in the land have their headquarters in New York, and the committee had no trouble in finding all the participants for whom it called, there has been

much eagerness in all the States to learn of the iniquities unearthed and the remedies that would be recommended. The suggestion that the committee itself was not in earnest is as unfair as the report that it was appointed for the purpose of "striking" the trusts for the benefit of the party in power in the State. Well, the report is entirely destitute of revelations, and as to remedies, the committee admits that it cannot at this time suggest one. The nearest approach to a possible remedy is that when the Attorney-General sees or hears of something wrong in the doings of any business concern larger than a mere partnership he shall have power to make a fuss about it by asking questions. Apparently the entire subject is to remain where it was; business men who are unjustly treated by combinations and corporations will seek relief by lawsuits or injunctions, and the combinations will take great care not to provoke such action, and, above all things, not to cut their own throats by overreaching.

Although the committee is sorry for all men out of employ there is general satisfaction that office-hunters at Washington are getting the cold shoulder from the new President and his Cabinet. It has been the experience of every Administration that there is less average fitness in office-seekers than in any other known class of men in search of something to do, and that the great majority of the applicants are not really looking for employment at all; they want places in which there is little or nothing to do, and they believe that Government offices in general are of this description. The truth is that almost all Government positions pay less money for a given amount of ability and work than the incumbents could earn elsewhere, and it is only force of habit that keeps competent public servants content with their places. Fortunately for the country, there can no longer be a general change of officials, except of postmasters of the lowest grade, whenever there is a change of Administration, and such vacancies as occur must be filled by men competent to pass examinations to which the general run of place-hunters are not equal. Ex-President Cleveland gave office-hunters only two months in which to haunt Washington; should President McKinley reduce the time to two weeks everybody concerned would be gainers.

It would be just like some enterprising American editors to make much of the story that a large body of the Mexican people hate the United States and cherish hopes of a war in which they will regain the many thousand square miles of territory ceded to the United States after our war with Mexico. Before any such sensation is sprung upon the country it would be well to remember that four-fifths of the inhabitants of Mexico are of Indian or mixed blood and so ignorant that they do not know that there ever was a war with the United States, that the whites do not equal in number the population of any one of a dozen of our own States, and the more intelligent and influential among them have the praiseworthy faculty of attending closely to their own affairs and would not do anything to disturb the peace which their country has enjoyed for thirty years. Their Republic contains some would-be adventurers, but they are keeping very quiet, for President Diaz likes excuses for shooting such fellows, and the plan has proved so conducive to Mexico's prosperity that his successors are likely to follow his example.

Another great business combination to reduce production and increase prices is reported to be in course of organization. Its field of operation is to be the whisky distilleries of Kentucky, which have been complaining of slow sales and small prices. As raw whisky, minus the Government tax, is about as cheap as cider and as easy of manufacture, as well as less likely to spoil with age, the complaining distillers will get very little pity, even from consumers of the stuff. On the other hand, it will be hard to fight the proposed trust by appealing to the consumers, for these know that no changes in the trade make any difference in the quality and price of the stuff that is ordinarily sold over the bars. If there is any consistency about trust-hunters the proposed whisky trust will go its wicked way, the saloon-keepers will get even with any increase of price by adding water to each and every barrel of whisky, drinkers will be proportionately less injured and the temperance people will rejoice.

As this is about the time of the year to look for spring poetry and other signs of the approach of spring, we venture to suggest that an easy and cheap method of learning just when the winter is breaking up is to bore a gimlet hole in a maple tree. The sugar maple is most responsive, but any other member of the family will answer the purpose. If sap trickles from the hole during the day there will be no more deep freezing of the ground and the time has come to look for dandelion blossoms in any sunny and sheltered spot where dandelions grow at all. Without any disrespect for the groundhog, the bluebird and other traditional harbingers of spring, it is safe to say that maple trees and dandelions are surer early spring prophets than all the birds combined, besides being generally easier to find than the birds. It may interest some readers who long for "the flowers that bloom in the spring" to know that quite a fair substitute may be found, far in advance of the blooming season, by clipping a few maple twigs and putting them in water in the house as if they were a bouquet. The red buds swell rapidly, and if the cuttings are taken from the "suckers" that cluster around maple stumps they will in a fortnight display almost as much color as a cluster of roses.

So many tales are told of cruel distinctions made of the colored people of the South that it is only fair to say on the other side that in the proud State of South Carolina there are no street cars "for colored people only," and that the whites have not demanded any. The fact is that the Southern people in general do not object to the black natives on the ground of color; they do dislike indolent, insolent and unclean negroes, but no more so than do the people of the North. One of the most popular men in the great Southern black belt is Professor Booker T. Washington, the reason being that this very able and industrious man is doing all in his power to encourage the people of his own race to be as neat, mannerly and otherwise unobjectionable as their white neighbors.

It is probable that many of our cities and large towns will at once be infested by a new lot of beggars, for these

gentry are at present being scared out of New York, where there have been thousands, apparently, during the winter. "Once a beggar, always a beggar" has proved so true a saying in the past that there is no probability of any of the sturdy mendicants of the metropolis going to work for their living while free transportation can be obtained on freight trains, or while the roads are in good condition and the weather becoming milder. Places which receive portions of New York's overflow may perhaps get some relief by following New York's new method, which is for the police to arrest all beggars, no matter how well dressed, and have them "looked over" by working members of the Charities Organization Society. In this way the hardened cases, the professional beggar may be assorted from new beginners and sent to uncomfortable prisons, while the really deserving may be relieved. As, however, hundreds of the beggars of the past winter have been about as threatening as highwaymen, the communities which they are likely to infest next cannot act too promptly.

## MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The funeral of Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher took place March 11 in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. The church was thronged. From eleven o'clock in the morning until 1.30 Mrs. Beecher's body lay in state, and nearly six thousand men, women and children paid a last tribute of love and respect to the dead woman.

Mrs. Beecher's body was inclosed in a handsome black cloth coffin. She was dressed in a black satin gown, and on her head was one of the beautiful point lace caps of which she was so fond. It was fastened with some of the opal pins which Mr. Beecher gave her and she always wore. The coffin was covered with flowers. At the head and foot stood wreaths of orchids and violets from personal friends and the trustees of the church, and the pew which for nearly fifty years had been occupied by Mrs. Beecher was filled with flowers.

"Mrs. Beecher," said the Rev. Howard Bliss in his eulogy, "was the true wife of Henry Ward Beecher, and it is because she was true to a man who passed through a Gethsemane of sorrow that we are here to-day."

"If it were permitted me to characterize Mrs. Beecher in a single word," said Dr. Abbott, "I would use the word 'faithful.' Or on her tombstone I would inscribe, 'Love is stronger than death.' When malice brought clouds about her husband's head we all know how she stood by his side, enduring the scathing storms with him."

## HIS MAJESTY OF GREECE.

The Vienna "Neue Freie Presse" publishes a report of an interview had by its correspondent in Athens with King George. The King is quoted as saying: "Greece has done in Crete as Austria did in the case of Bosnia when the Bosnian Christians took refuge in Austria." The King also said that the Greek troops would remain in Crete and protect Greeks and Turks alike. His Majesty complained of the conduct of Sir A. Biliotti, the British Consul at Canea, in assisting the Turks. Though Biliotti was a British Consul, he said, he was a Levantine and more Turkish than even the Sultan himself.

King George says he does not expect, nor has he at any time since the present troubles arose expected, either advice or aid from his relatives upon or near the thrones of Europe, but relies entirely upon the justice of Greece's cause.

The King admitted that he had expected the most from the Prince of Wales, whose wife is the King's sister, and advised him to influence the recall of Sir A. Biliotti. But his Majesty added that Biliotti was enabled to spread official lies concerning the troubles in the island of Crete, which found ready believers. King George further said that the marvelous mobilization of the Greek fleet had provoked the jealousy of the Powers.

## SCHOOLS FOR THE CITY.

Chairman Austin, of the Cities Committee of the Assembly at Albany, introduced a bill March 11 authorizing the city of New York to raise by a bond issue ten million dollars for the erection of additional school buildings. Mr. Austin thinks there is little doubt that the measure will pass and become a law, for he says that the new schools are needed as much as the repairs to the old school buildings which the bill calls for.

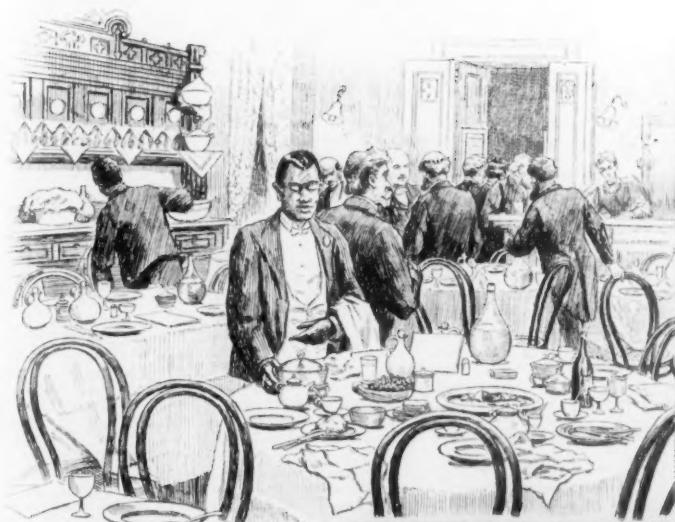
The Legislature passed a law last year appropriating five million dollars for the same purpose as the Austin bill of this year. In addition to these amounts it is proposed by those interested in the bill to have the Legislature give to New York the privilege of bonding itself for two and a half million dollars for the erection of two new high schools.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, M.P., presided at the annual dinner of the Authors' Society, which was held in the Venetian Chamber, Holborn restaurant. The merry month of June is usually selected for this festive gathering, but this year it was deemed advisable to celebrate it on an early date.

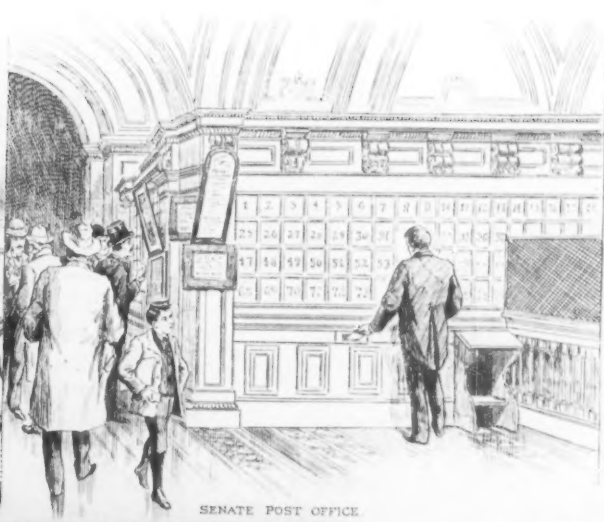
## IS CONSUMPTION CONTAGIOUS?

The question of isolation for those afflicted with consumption is being widely discussed by the health boards of the great cities. Many leading scientists believe this method of checking the disease impracticable and that the pharmacopoeia must furnish the means of eradication. The discovery by Dr. Stevens of "Cannabis Sativa," the East Indian Consumption Cure, is the greatest step of medical science toward conquering this dread disease. Thousands of cases, pronounced hopeless, have been entirely cured, and there is no longer any question of the remarkable efficacy of this wonderful remedy in curing all diseases of the lungs, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis, and nervous diseases. To any one suffering from any of these diseases, who will inclose a stamp and mention this paper, the recipe will be mailed free. Address W. A. Noyes, Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

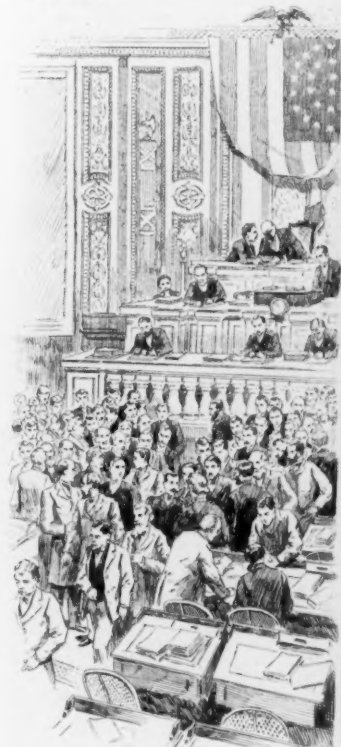




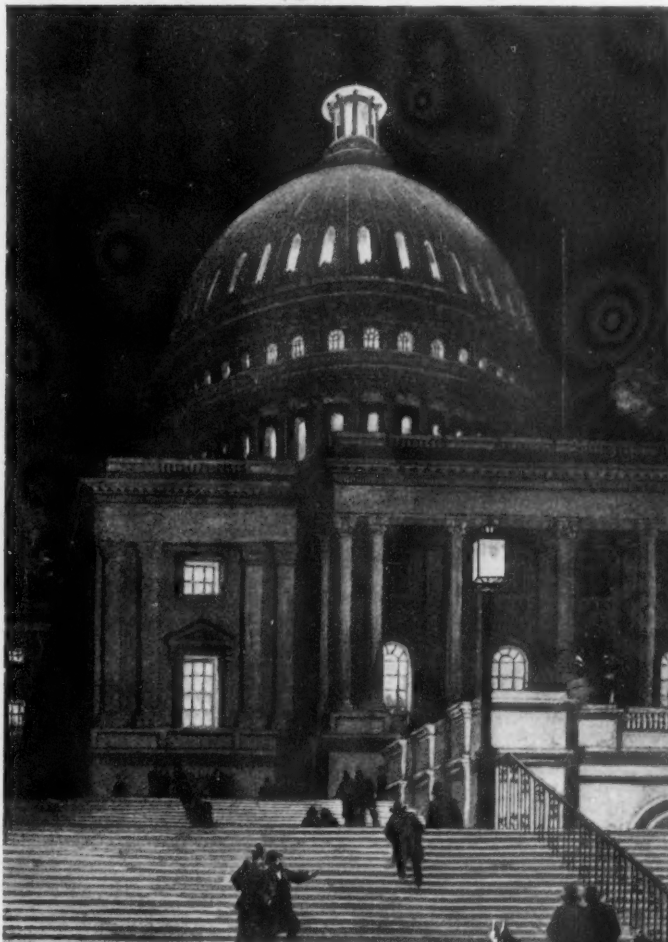
IN THE RESTAURANT OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. THE THREE BELL SIGNAL.



SENATE POST OFFICE.



TELLERS RECORDING MEMBERS VOTES.



IN THE DIPLOMATIC GALLERY.



OFFICE SEEKERS SOLICITING A MEMBER'S ASSISTANCE.



THE WHISPERING STONES IN STATUARY HALL.



A NIGHT SESSION.

AT THE NATIONAL CAPITOL WHILE CONGRESS IS IN SESSION.

# OUR NOTE BOOK

BY EDGAR SALTS.

BALZAC is to have his statue at last. It is high time. Barring Hugo he is the foremost of French writers. He wrote books which are good, books which are bad, but not one that is mediocre. He was another Napoleon, just as resourceful, just as indomitable. He had two ambitions: to be famous and to be loved. He achieved them both and died of a broken heart. He not only wrote novels, he lived them. To be profound, he used to say, you have but to study life. And it was from his study of life and his understanding of its inscrutable possibilities that he built the "Comédie Humaine." The series of novels grouped under that title provides the reader with a picture of French civilization during the first half of the present century which is at once complete, complex and unique. Balzac was very bitter about the ancient historians. The aridity of their chronicles disgusted him. They gave no personal traits, no anecdotes, and has not a wise man said that anecdotes are the best part of history? This defect, in so far as his own epoch was concerned, he determined to remedy, and in the "Comédie Humaine" he has supplied posterity with a perfect picture of Parisian life from the Restoration to the Coup d'Etat. He took all humanity, or, to speak more exactly, all French humanity for his province, and in analyzing and depicting it he made his characters so thoroughly real that their vicissitudes, their triumphs and their failures excite in the reader an interest which the triumphs and failures of friends in flesh and blood are often incompetent to arouse.

It is this ability to make the reader grieve and exult which has given to Balzac the position which he holds to-day. It was he who began the manufacture of fiction from facts. He is the father of realism, the first of those who have known how to make their readers not only feel but see. Often he wrote badly, genius frequently do, and so much the better for them. It is not in their pages, but in the pages of writers of the second order that you find perfection in prose. The prose of Balzac is not impeccable. He never knew half so well as Gautier how drapery should be handled. He lacked the contagious quality of Dumas' laughter. Baudelaire's ability to have an attack of nerves on paper was not possessed by him. Hugo could plant adjectives in such a fashion that they exploded like bombs before the reader's eyes. In none of these accomplishments was he adept, but he had something worth them all—solidity. What he built was constructed with a cement of his own invention. The cement is still obtainable, but the secret of its application is lost. Should you doubt it, go look at Zola. It is high time he had a statue. It can't be too great, too grand and too fair. It should tower over every one in literary France.

Appropos to which a complete edition of his works is shortly to be published by Mr. Collier.

Fairyland has been discovered. Not in the South Seas, as you might suppose, not in the uplands of Burmah, nor even in equatorial Brazil. It has been discovered where it was expected least—in the region adjacent to the Pole. The Prince Charming is Nansen. I have been looking over his saga and I am delighted to note that he is not only an explorer but a poet. "Nothing more wonderfully beautiful can exist," he says, "than an Arctic night. It is color etherealized. One shade melts into the other. You cannot tell where one ends and the other begins, yet they are all there. No forms—it is all faint, dreamy, color music, a far-away, long-drawn-out melody on muted strings. The sky is an enormous cupola, blue at the zenith, shading down into green and then into lilac and violet at the edges. Over the ice-fields there are cold violet-blue shadows with lighter pink tints where a ridge here and there catches the last reflection of the vanished day. Up in the blue of the cupola shine the stars. In the south swings an immense red-yellow moon. Around it is a saffron ring and light golden clouds floating in the blue perspective. Presently the aurora borealis shakes over the vault of heaven its veil of glittering silver—changing now to ochre, now to green, now to crimson. In its restlessness it spreads and contracts again. Then it breaks into waving, many-folded bands of shining silver over which shoot billows of glittering rays. At once it shimmers in tongues of flame over the very zenith, and then again it shoots a bright ray straight from the horizon until the whole melts in the moonlight, almost with a sigh, the sigh, as it were, of a departing soul. Here and there are left a few waving streamers of light, vague as forebodings—they are the dust from the aurora's glittering cloak. And all the time there is utter stillness, impressive yet voiceless, the symphonies of infinitude."

I think every one will agree that there is plenty of color in that description, plenty of that quality which I have heard poets denominate as "feeling." It is the gem of the saga. The rest is interesting enough, but it is prose. A number of our illiterate litterateurs will be surprised to learn that Nansen could write either, and yet there is not one of them that can turn out copy as good. I note the fact for the reason that it is always pleasant to see professionals beaten by an amateur.

Mr. Herbert Spencer having recently completed the monumental series of works, at which, under the collective title of "Synthetic Philosophy," he has labored for forty years, it is permissible to inquire into their value. Why, asked Voltaire, with that leer which De Musset made immortal—why is there anything? Mr. Spencer's answer is that the ultimate reason of things is discoverable in matter and motion. There was a time when it was considered as bad form to hold such theories as it was to carve salad or guillotine asparagus. Society has ever had a stronger leaning to affirmations than to negations, and as for the average individual he would rather be wrong in a belief than not have it at

all. It was the influence of Mr. Spencer which changed that and made agnosticism an after-dinner topic. Of the various philosophies which man has been pleased to invent this is the youngest. It cannot, like pantheism, look back through the terraces of time and claim the quarters of race, nor can it, like materialism, bedeck itself with Greek insignia. Positivism is its immediate predecessor, and that is defunct. For positivism, if positive at all, was positive that there was nothing positive, and nobody liked that. It died of neglect and Harriet Martineau's deductions. The life of Mr. Spencer's philosophy will be longer. Its vitality consists in the matter-of-fact position which he assumes before the unsolvable. If he cuts no old knots he brings no new tangles. He has left the great query where he found it. In that was his wisdom; but of greater importance yet is his insistence that the world is a process, a continuance, or, as a German would say, a becoming. Finally, no one of the present century has done more to make us understand that morality, apart from all ethical or religious indorsement, is rooted in the very nature of things.

In view of the scholarship, the intellect and the patience which Mr. Spencer gave to his work it seems a gratuitous impertinence to say that it was out of date before it was completed. The world's continuance which he taught has left him behind. He came at an epoch-making crisis, he made one for himself, but it was his fate to outlive it, to see the philosophic fire which he had ignited in the minds of all thinking people subside, smolder and die out in utter indifference. His "First Principles" will live—yet a while; the underlying concept of his theories will endure, but the destiny of the opus itself is the back bookshelf where only speculative spiders prowl. Of this fact he is aware, and, philosopher that he is, he accepts it philosophically. In the concluding paragraph of his latest and final preface these sentences occur: "On looking back over the six-and-thirty years which have passed since the 'Synthetic Philosophy' was commenced, I am surprised at my audacity in undertaking it and still more surprised by its completion. . . . Deterrents, many relapses, now lasting for weeks, now for months, once for years, often made me despair of reaching the end, yet at length the end is reached. Doubtless in earlier days some exaltation would have resulted, but as age creeps on feelings weaken and now my chief pleasure is in my emancipation."

Nothing suffices to itself. To experience love you must create it or have the hope of creating it in another. Reciprocity in some form there must be. Eliminate it and love is as a plant shut from the sun. So it is with confidence, esteem, admiration, they come to us from others, but only when inspired by ourselves. In the circumstances it is encouraging to note the praise of which COLLIER'S WEEKLY is the recipient. The last mail from abroad brought me a letter from an English girl of the Austin Dobson school—"divine, demure"—who told me she preferred this paper to any other. Coincidentally there came to the Editor a letter from a lady residing in Colorado. Here is a paragraph which I ask her leave to quote: "In the magazine one must pick and choose to suit taste and mood, in the newspapers one must prospect over acres of words to find a single nugget, but your WEEKLY is unique in that it overlooks no field in which one with up-to-date aspirations is interested, while all is given with a regard for values such that it constitutes a new surprise each week." There, by way of laurel, is a real spray of Western pine earned, merited and won by the brilliance of my colleagues and the generalship of Mr. Collier. It is graceful, it is gracious, and more—it is true. In a periodical it is not an easy task to so graduate values that they shall present fresh surprises each week, and though that is the purpose and aim of this WEEKLY, yet the task, however difficult, is made lighter by the encouragement which it gets. Nothing suffices to itself. Praise, like love, must be created. In the present instance it not alone has been created, it is deserved.

At a recent meeting of the Academy of Science Mr. F. W. Warner offered some highly quotable observations on the subject of longevity, punctuated, however, by occasional lapses into platitudes. For instance, he declared that under favorable conditions longevity was increased and under unfavorable conditions it was decreased—a fact, of course, which no one ever suspected before. But in a moment he became more entertaining. The primary conditions of longevity were, he declared, that all the organs—heart, lungs, and brain—should be large, the body long, the limbs short. A person threatened with longevity will, he continued, appear tall in sitting, short in standing; the hand will have a long and heavy palm, the fingers will be brief. The orifice of the ear will be low, showing the brain to be deep-seated. The eyes will be blue or they will be hazel, for such eyes indicate intermissions of temperament, while the nostrils, free and open, will show the presence of healthy lungs. But I may remark to Mr. Warner that these possessions indicate not alone longevity, they indicate genius as well. All big men are small. All conquerors have blue eyes. The fingers of thinkers are always squat. Giants are proverbially stupid, and dwarfs preternaturally bright. Both are short-lived, both are incompetent. It is by men of medium stature that nations have been founded and masterpieces produced. Their longevity prolongs into immortality. Said Longfellow of one of them:

"Emigravit is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies:  
Dead he is not, but departed, for the artist never dies."

For en ordens skyld is Danish. What it means no one knows. Its interpretation has set by the ears an editor, a judge, three experts, the University of Copenhagen and two courts of law. The fatal phrase has even come between man and wife. Like all great things it began in the simplest fashion. A judge in Schleswig-Holstein, who should have known better, invited a general to a patriotic lunch, whereat an editor, who might have minded his own business, said that he ought to have invited the Kaiser's representative—for en ordens skyld, which the judge construed as

meaning "in order to obtain a decoration," but which the editor declared meant "to fulfill a duty of order." Three experts gave evidence, and, as a matter of course, contradicted each other flatly. Thereat the German Legation at Copenhagen submitted the matter to the University. The docents favored the sinister meaning and the editor went to prison. Then the local Society of Science took the opposite side, and the editor was released. Finally the latter took the vote of his fellow-citizens as to what he did mean. Some were for him, others were not. Meanwhile his wife began an action for divorce. Such is the latest philological imbroglio. In view of its occurrence, what an excellent language Danish would be for the European Powers to use in the diplomatic notes which they are sending to Turkey and to Greece. I can fancy even it might be quite serviceable to Weyler.

The seizure of D'Annunzio's "Triumph of Death" and the arrest of the publisher are significant. Personally, if I may venture to speak of myself, I found the book very dull. In the last chapter the hero kills himself and I was sorry he took so long about it. But the point is elsewhere. Here is a novel which has been translated from the Italian into all other European languages and which has been received and accepted in lands as staid as Holland and Germany are, one which English critics reviewed without disapprobation but which in this city cannot now be sold. In the circumstances one may wonder whether we regard ourselves as the top of creation or whether it is felt that the morality of the town cannot withstand the stupidities of a stupid book. In either event the spectacle which we present to the rest of the world is laughable. It is worse, it is inconsistent. Rabelais is obtainable of any local bookseller, so too is Suetonius. So are other works beside which this trifle of D'Annunzio's is quite innocuous. In addition, had it not been seized ninety-nine people out of a hundred would not know that it existed, would not be anxious, as the majority of them now are, to learn what it contained. The cause of morality has never been served in any such fashion as this. Nothing can affect a virtue which is the resultant of wisdom. It is ignorance untutored which sees no sin in sin. Let us learn to be wise before we attempt to be dictatorial, and then we will find that morality is secure.

The fame of D'Annunzio and the international applause with which he was received are due not to "The Triumph of Death," but to his first novel, "The Intruder," which was published five or six years ago, and in which he struck a new note, or rather in which he took an old one and raised it *in crescendo* to a height it never touched before. The story had nothing to do with its success. Any hack-writer could evolve as good and perhaps a better plot. But no one yet has had the ability to anatomize the ego, to detain and display the fugitive impression, to sound the bottom depth of the human heart as securely and at the same time as painfully as he did in that novel. It is a book written with a scalpel. You assist at the agony of the subject, you see the fibers curl, the nerves exposed. There are cries in your ears as you read, you long to rush away, yet you cannot; it detains you in spite of yourself; it is horrible, but it is truth. In power of analysis it is approached only by certain works of Dostoevsky. But in the latter, though the analysis is poignant, it is attenuated by a smile, the subjects decline to take themselves seriously; they suffer, they are aware of it, and they make you aware of it too; but they are one and all convinced that everything which happens happens because it had to happen and because it could not happen otherwise. Mentally armored in this fashion, they jest at their own torment, and while their attitude is as true to nature as that of the characters in D'Annunzio's book, it should be remembered that there is a great racial distinction between Slavs and Latins. The former think, the latter feel. And do we not know life to be a farce or a tragedy according to the point of view? In the great American novel which we all await there will be the fusion of those two elements—the terrible and the ridiculous, ferocity and mirth.

There has recently been much discussion concerning a set of people inhabiting a slope of the Pyrenees who appear to have lapsed from civilization into primitive life, and it has seemed curious to many that savages should still exist in France. But the same thing is noticeable in Alabama. The clay-eaters there are worse even, for in the savage there may be a splendor, but in these creatures there is none, filth merely and ignorance surpassing belief. Tell them the earth is round and they are insulted. Their homes are windowless log cabins, in which families of ten or a dozen eat and sleep. The clay on which many of them subsist, while oily in appearance, is seemingly without other taste, and yet is devoured by them with a relish that is almost sensual. It seems to be nourishing too, affecting merely the skin which it renders pale, so pale, in fact, that it gives the face the pallor of death when it does not give it a leprosy brown. Found along the banks of the mountain streams in inexhaustible quantities, it is of much the same color as that which it produces. When dry it does not crumble, and with a few drops of water it may be rolled into appetizing forms. That there is not much demand for literature in the region goes without saying. A traveler who ventured there recently relates that on one occasion, when an itinerant preacher reading from the Bible announced that Jesus Christ died to save sinners, he saw an old lady remove a cob-pipe from her mouth and noted the astonishment with which she remarked: "Is that so? I allus said we'd never know nuthin' 'less we tuck the paper."

The Rev. Dr. Faunce of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church is a gentleman whose knowledge of history is unique and so entirely his own that no one else possesses it. In an address delivered at Carnegie Hall a fortnight ago he spoke of "the nameless vice of Pompeii that God burned and buried beneath the hissing lava out of the wrathful throat of Vesuvius." All of which is a farrago of rubbish. There were a number of vices in Pompeii, but there was not one more and there was even one less than is to be found in New York to-day. Moreover, a vice burned and buried beneath hissing lava is an impossibility. Perhaps, however, this gentleman re-

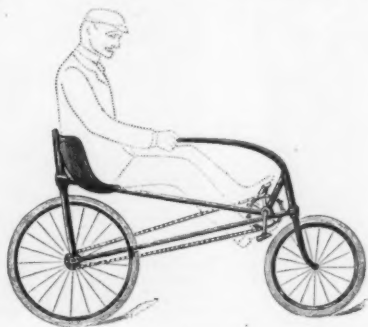


ferred to Pompeii, in which case his grammar is on a par with his erudition. Pompeii was not burned, nor was it buried beneath lava hissing or otherwise. The lead found there was not melted; the marble was not calcinated; the pictures were untouched by either fire or smoke. What really occurred was a rain of lapilli succeeded by another of ashes that lasted several hours. Almost all the inhabitants, and there were twelve thousand of them, escaped unharmed. Only a few hundred perished. The death of these was due to the fact that they shut themselves up while awaiting the rain of pebbles to cease and were asphyxiated by the ashes. Almost the same thing happened in 1872, with this difference, however: the rain of ashes was lighter, and those who at the time were promenading the streets of Naples protected themselves with umbrellas.

But there is another aspect of this gentleman's remarks which deserves consideration. Exegetes and eschatologists of the Creed of Christendom are agreed that the activity of Vesuvius is not due to the intervention of the Deity. They are aware that it proceeds from natural causes. The contrary idea is Hebraic. In a convulsion of nature the primitive Jew saw the anger of Jehovah. The theory has not the sanction of the Church. As the Rev. Dr. Faunce is as ignorant of theology as he is of history I am glad to instruct him in both. As for his nameless vice it is a phrase. The Pompeians were just as intelligent, just as civilized as we are. It is not so long ago that, with the classics at my elbow, I reconstructed that city in which I have walked, and while I was at it I reconstructed antiquity too. I had adventures in the Subura, escapades with dazzling young empresses and re-lived the imitable life. To the hum of harps I floated on a ship that had gardens, bowers, spangled sails and a jeweled prow. On painted elephants I quarried lions in their African fens. Throbbing through the rushes of the Nile there came to me the grave music of archaic hymns. I sailed the Ægean, scaled Parnassus, lounged in the Academe. I prayed in temples that never heard an atheist's voice, passed initiate into the mysteries of Eleusis, encountered divinities and monsters, curious superstitions and pathetic beliefs. I wandered wherever the classics would take me. There was not an altar I passed unexamined, not a secret I left unprobed. When the last chronicle was done, I rose from its study perplexed. Nowhere had I encountered hypocrisy. If that is the nameless sin to which this gentleman refers, with every deference and entire respect I may assure him that it belonged no more to the past than his conceptions of theology and of history belong to to-day.

At a theater on Broadway there was until a few months ago a nightly congress of those from whose vocabulary the word Respectability had been dropped. Recently it passed into the hands of Weber & Fields. In lieu of a disreputable resort there is now a music-hall in which standing room only is a condition quasi-continuous. A few weeks since there appeared there a young woman whose stage name is Gertie Reynolds. She was very pretty, and had she stepped from a dream she could not have been more mouse-like and demure. She danced like a willis in a ballad—for the joy of it, and she danced surprisingly well. Her foot arched like a sensitive plant. On the end of it were gestures graceful and new. There was not a trace of vulgarity about her. She was the picture of Sweet-and-Twenty, charming with life and enchanted by it. Otero resembled her as chloral resembles champagne. I looked in the other night. She had gone. In her place there were others. But there were no acrobats, no jugglers, no ventriloquists, no freaks. There was fun, rather boisterous and noisy, but fun all the same; and, with it, a travesty, chronologically confusing, but otherwise alert, in which Richelieu appears at Long Branch and a Tammany tough in the reign of Louis XIII. It is entitled "Under the Red Globe," and the one thing needed to complete its incoherence would be to have no title at all. But that is a side issue. It seems to have taken the town—a town, parenthetically, which is not overexact—and to those in search of a Lenten diversion I may commend not alone the place but the play.

In bicycles there are two novelties. One is called the Gun Powder Bike and the other the Easy Chair. The first is provided with a motor which, when charged with ordinary gunpowder, will, if it does not blow wheel and rider sky high, carry both a hundred miles. It looks very pretty and appears to run very well, but personally I shall avoid it. The other is more to my taste. Here is a picture of it. When furnished with a typewriter, a book-rack and a chafing-dish it will provide all the comforts of home, few of its expenses, and in its tested ability to distance creditors it is particularly recommended to indolent and indigent literary men.



NEEDS MAKING OVER

Bacon—"Mrs. Muchwed's maiden name is a pretty one, anyhow."

Miss Lakeside—"Yes; but it's been worn so often that the next time she goes back to it she'll have to turn it to make it even half-way respectable."

## PEACH-PLUCKS.

(From a Maryland Correspondent.)

"Every one is as God made him, and oftentimes a great deal worse."—MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.

If we, as Americans, pride ourselves on our beautiful and prosperous country, so should we, as Marylanders, take pride in the beauty and well-being of our State, not the least fair portion of which is the Eastern Shore. Driving along the well-kept roads of Kent County—and what a blessing these are!—one sees green fields, meadows in which cows and sheep are grazing, and vast peach orchards, which, in the season, give forth a delicious perfume. Then there is the river, the Chester, in storm and sunshine always beautiful, and especially so when dotted here and there with white-sailed boats. The old-fashioned farmhouses, with quaint windmills, barns, and other clustering outbuildings, complete the picture.

But, alas! there is a blot on this fair landscape—the almost inevitable "worm in the bud." These fine roads, these sunny fields, meadows and orchards are overrun with peach-plucks, or, in plain terms, those outcasts among men commonly called tramps.

If one were traveling in romantic Italy, and came across a group of these creatures lying by the side of some wild mountain road, one might exclaim—albeit with many shivers and backward glances—"How picturesque!" But here in our own Maryland, where we have "A nature tamed, and grown domestic like a barn-door fowl!" and where "All the fields are tied up fast with hedges, nosegay-like—" they seem scarcely in keeping. They certainly cannot be accused of enhancing the picturesqueness of the scenery, while they effectually spoil the thrifty, flourishing appearance of the country.

George Eliot once deplored the passing away of leisure. She evidently had never seen peach-plucks. They possess it in abundance, as any one who has driven along a Kent County road can testify. Indeed, their leading, I might say their only, characteristic is laziness. They actually will not trouble themselves to turn their heads as you pass; but, lying comfortably stretched out in the shade, favor you with a languid roll of the eyes. Like the Miller of Dee, they seem to say:

"I care for nobody—  
No, not I!  
And nobody cares for me."

This show of indifference is kept up, even though you should be foolish enough to throw them money.

"Man wants but little here below," and peach-plucks less. Nevertheless, these wretched, ragged, unkempt, unshaven, rarely-if-ever-washed fragments of humanity, in common with Fifth Avenue swells, are

"Creatures not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food."

They—the tramps, not the swells—have a curious way of obtaining it. When the pangs of hunger assail, they stroll into some orchard and offer their services at peach-picking. In the busy season men are scarce, so the farmer is generally glad enough to obtain any kind. Just so much labor as will procure them a dinner our Bohemian friends perform; no more. Then, after each one's "inner man" is fully satisfied, they wander forth again, join kindred spirits—alcoholic ones, too, no doubt—in a shady spot, produce their pipes—how and where obtained deponent sayeth not—and proceed to

"Enjoy the sweet solace of their labors."

Occasionally you come across some who are willing to pick peaches for a few hours, at the rate of three cents a basket; but in general they prefer the easier method of working an hour or two for a good dinner, and spending the rest of the day in sweet idleness. The command "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread" is one which, in common with a few others, they utterly disregard.

Last year Mr. Josiah Flynt, in a series of articles in the "Century," gave his experience of tramps. I do not know how the majority of people were impressed by Mr. Flynt's views; whether they now regard every vagabond who passes their door as some poor, unsuccessful fellow, with a romantic story; whether they take him in and treat him well. But this I do know, that if they who allow their tender hearts to run away with their common sense in this matter but knew the feelings of the country women, who often have to drive past a crowd of these rough men, Mr. Flynt's knights *sans peur et sans reproche*, their sympathies would flow in another direction. If they once felt the terror that the very word "peach-plucks" sends to the hearts of the country school children, their kindly interest in tramps would subside. If they put themselves in the place of the farmer, who, on visiting his melon patch, finds his finest fruit gone, or discovers that a few of his chickens have mysteriously disappeared over night, their anger would be roused.

The condition of affairs is worse in winter than in summer. In the latter season, with peach-plucking, helping with the corn, etc., they can find means of subsistence. Then, if they would but do it, they could earn sufficient to keep them part of the winter. But these "lilies of the field" prefer living from day to day. Their views exactly coincide with that sentence of George Eliot's—"It's good to live only a moment at a time." Consequently when cold weather comes and there is no further need for their services—when, like poor robin, "They creep into a barn to keep themselves warm," only to be driven forth into a cold, cruel, unsympathetic world—what are they to do?

Beg, and when given nothing, steal. After that they are warm enough, and have sufficient to eat; our reformatories and jails are full, and the farmer pays taxes and helps the State support them. If it be true that "a man is never undone till he is hanged," there is hope that, if given time, peach-plucks may develop into law-abiding, God-fearing citizens.

Aristotle says: "It is a part of probability that many improbable things will happen." May the hour be not far distant when this highly improbable thing will come to pass.

In the meantime, in spite of all the articles written on the subject, "What to do with the tramp" is a problem yet unsolved.

## THE ELEPHANT AT HOME.

"I AM certain," writes the distinguished English traveler, Colonel Parker Gillmore, "that every right-minded person will agree with me, that it is absolutely wicked to indiscriminately slaughter the mammoth indigenous game of any country. From this barbarous proceeding no portion of the world has suffered more than Southern Africa. The Boers are unquestionably the greatest offenders, but our countrymen run them, a very close race. A man of Dutch extraction, but born in the Transvaal, by name Van Sale, is known to have killed over one hundred elephants, irrespective of age and sex, in a day on the Mabawbee Veldt. The poor victims were driven into a swamp, and shot down as they struggled to extricate themselves. An Englishman, professedly a Christian gentleman, has to my certain knowledge slain, day after day, five or six of these grand beasts, creatures that might be utilized to till the soil, become beasts of burden, or at all events feed a population ever in a chronic state of starvation. As a rule a Boer tells you that he shoots for profit, an Englishman to obtain specimens or trophies; the result is the same, and both are equally blamable. It is to be hoped that the South African Company will make a resolute and determined effort to put a stop to this and all indiscriminate carnage.

"The scene of my sketch is situated about fifty miles below the drift, which is taken by travelers from the northeast portion of the Transvaal to Matabeleland. The country that here margins the Limpopo is almost entirely alluvial, and is capable of producing the richest crops of such products as flourish in a sub-tropical climate. In many places in the vicinity the scenery is wonderfully attractive, the fine dense and valuable timber greatly enhancing its charms. The native population are the reverse of hostile to Europeans, and are not averse to labor; but they have been so brutally treated heretofore by the slave-holding Boers that they might at first exhibit some timidity before they placed absolute confidence in newcomers. Raiding by hostile adjacent tribes is unknown here, so that course, which has ever been so injurious to European emigration to South Africa, need not be dreaded.

"A native armed with an old Brown Bess musket—a weapon of the most antiquated type—came into my camp one night and discoursed with my 'boys' about the largest elephant that he had ever seen. From the stranger's description its tusks were enormous, and, moreover, the grand beast was a 'rogue'—therefore expatriated from its tribe. Further, the brute had killed several of the natives and nightly ravaged the adjacent 'mealy' gardens. This was a foe worthy of doing battle with, so I resolved to hunt up the mammoth's lair and, if possible, kill it. My plans, however, were not carried into effect, for two Boer hunters visited me the next day, and stated that they had severely wounded the terror of the neighborhood, but in some unaccountable manner the stricken beast had made its escape. Nevertheless, they pointed out that if my people found the carcass they should be informed, as the ivory was theirs by the laws of the veldt. Three days afterward the Boers took their departure for a new range of country. The giant elephant and its assailants had almost passed out of my memory when, about noon on a very warm day, my chief man presented himself beside my hammock. Judging from his hurried utterance and moist state his business was urgent. Nor did he take long to enlighten me. About an hour's journey (six miles) was the carcass of an enormous elephant stranded on a sand-bar, 'with tusks,' well, 'as long as a wagon.' Very short delay took place before I gained the deserted place. There was the mammoth's body, also the tusks, but the water around seemed to be alive with crocodiles, while one enormous saurian was elevated upon and over the bloated mountain of carrion, and expressing plainly by its vindictive appearance that it would not tolerate trespassers in the vicinity of its treasure. I must acknowledge that I hate crocodiles. I have good reason for doing so, for they have deprived me of my best dogs, permanently injured one of my favorite horses, and to my knowledge caused the death of many a native. So, as the distance that severed me from the repulsive brute was about fifty or sixty yards, I took a steady aim behind its shoulder, and my 'ubique' ten-bore did not disappoint me. When the crocodile received the bullet it rushed frantically into the water, the others of its species took alarm, and in a few minutes all had vanished. Although the elephants on the watershed north of the Limpopo are probably the largest in Africa, they do not carry as heavy ivory as those found north of the Zambesi."

## CARNEGIE ON BRYAN.

In the "North American Review" for January Mr. Andrew Carnegie has placed himself on record as follows: "It need not be assumed that with the passing of Mr. Bryan's new platform there comes also the passing of Mr. Bryan himself; on the contrary, it is far from improbable that he may yet play a great part. The home life of Mr. and Mrs. Bryan—for she seems almost equally remarkable with her husband—is something at which our country may well be pleased, and may be pointed to as the product of Triumphant Democracy. Both models of purity in their simple lives, wholly free from ostentation, kind neighbors, and earnest in their desire to do their part toward making the world a little better; and, to crown all, ardent lovers, devoted heart and soul to each other, the wife standing nobly at her husband's side throughout all his trials. It is a beautiful picture, difficult to equal, impossible to excel in other lands. The country cannot cease to retain kindly interest in Mr. and Mrs. Bryan, nor to expect to hear of them in the future; nor can the American people as a whole, without regard to party, fail to be deeply touched by the sweet, humble, loving home—the true palace of all the virtues—which the political campaign has revealed to the world, nor to pray that for many long, happy years to come it may be preserved."



Gov. ASA S. BUSHNELL OF OHIO



THE PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT

PHOTOS BY J. H. HARE



UNITED STATES MARINES



SCENE IN FRONT OF THE



GEN. MILES AND ADMIRAL BUN

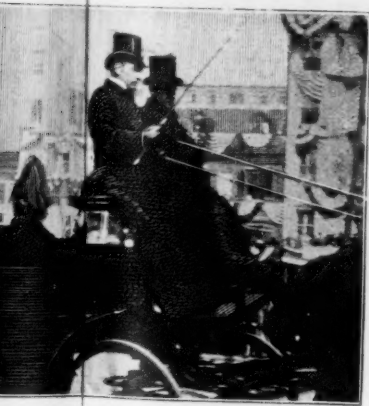


Gov. BLACK AND STAFF





FRONT OF THE CAPITOL



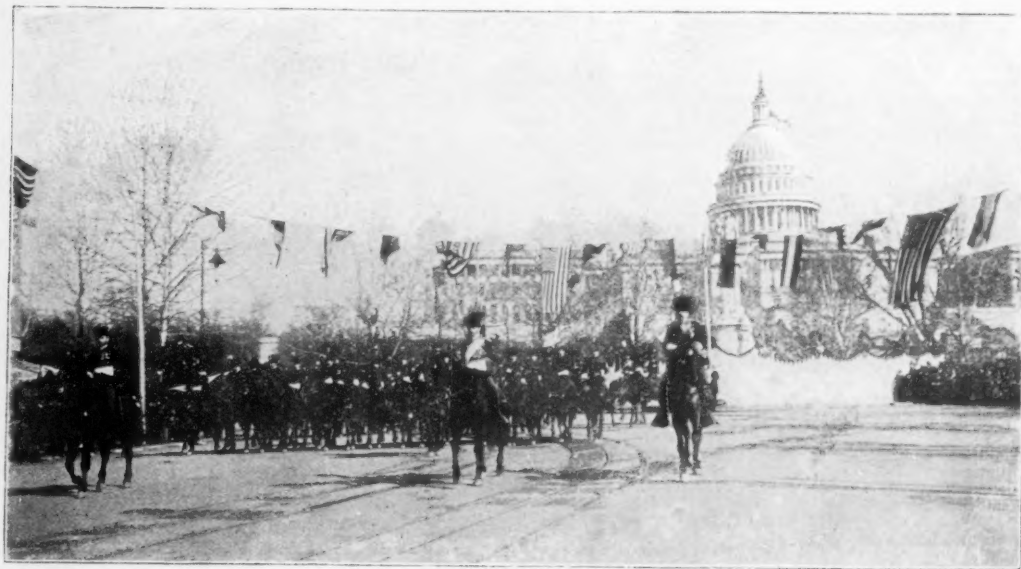
ADMIRAL BUNCE



GEN. TILLINGHAST



THE HEAD OF THE FIRST BRIGADE



TROOP OF CLEVELAND OHIO.



SAILORS FROM NEW YORK

[Copyright, 1897, by Julien Gordon.]  
**EAT NOT THY HEART**

"Eat not thy heart,"—Pythagoras

BY  
**JULIEN GORDON**

Author of "A Diplomat's Diary," "A Successful Man,"  
 "Vampires," etc., etc.

**CHAPTER XI.**

THE Poor House—a square, brown building, surmounted by a cupola—stood at an angle of two roads in a pleasant field. It was surrounded by trees. Although over its low doorway one might well have written up the "Lasciate ogni speranza voi che entrate" of the great Tuscan's hell, yet its aspect was not particularly forbidding. It was only when one had penetrated among its tenants that the sense of its gloom struck a chill to the heart. Although Mrs. Marston had the habit of visiting "Smith's Institution," as this refuge was called by the courtesy of amiable trustees, she never did so without the inward shudder with which we face an unwelcome task. When the effort was over she heaved a sigh of relief hardly tempered by that sense of exhilaration which the priests tell us duty done leaves with the virtuous. What satisfaction indeed could come from the contemplation of such hopelessness?

To-day she found the inmates already at their mid-day meal. In the summer they had a light supper; in winter the meals were reduced to two and they went supperless to bed, the fact that the evenings were shorter being given as excuse for this curtailment.

Lola was too sincere to indulge in that foolish exclamatory admiration with which the dwellers in luxurious homes view hospitals, asylums and retreats dedicated by charity to the unfortunate. Nevertheless, so strong is the force of custom that even she was not quite free from that forced cheerfulness, that slightly strained approval with which the children of the world accost the children—shall we say—of the earth? The painful contrast of her elegant garments with the squalor of their own humbled her in to that apologetic attitude with which the man who occupies a seat in a drawing-room car nods to his friend who is hurrying to find one in the rear. Yet it would never have occurred to Lola Marston to change her manner of dress to suit this new environment. In this she was wise. It is best always to be one's self. There is nothing to gain—and least of all with the uneducated whose force of vision we should not undervalue—by shams or by hypocrisy. She knew they liked to see her as she was, and, beyond this, being in spite of her softness a person of individuality, she did not purpose to suit herself to others. She demanded that they should suit themselves to her.

The matron met her in the upper hall. She was a disheveled woman with a ruddy, coarse complexion and a somewhat abrupt manner. She was not unclean, or entirely ill-favored, however, and under her turbulent and vigilant defiance there lurked, Mrs. Marston knew, a sort of shamefaced sympathy for the beings whose welfare she was delegated to watch over. She showed Mrs. Marston into her room. Two decidedly dirty little children frolicked on the floor. One, a charming little girl in a soiled scarlet frock, ran up smiling and touched Mrs. Marston's rich coat with wonder and delight. The other, a robust boy of three, scrambled up into a rocking-chair, having possessed himself of a greasy picture-book. In his mouth he held a long rusty iron nail; now and then he took it between his thumb and index, and puffed out his pink cheeks.

"Well, if he ain't smoking," said his mother, with sudden laughter. "He sees the old men a-doin' of it, and he's such a monkey he just catches up all he sees."

Mrs. Marston smiled.

"They are dear children," she said. "What are their names?"

"Keziah and Johnny, ma'am. After me and my husband."

"Ain't papar comin' in to see the lady?" asked Keziah, stroking gently Mrs. Marston's lace parasol.

"Oh, I guess he'll be along," said the woman, whose name was Mrs. Monk.

"I have never seen your husband," said Mrs. Marston, with the same set smile which gave her jaw a feeling of having been dislocated and reset.

"He ain't much to look at, but he's good! He's a year younger'n me," said Mrs. Monk.

"Oh, that makes no difference. You're young, too," said Mrs. Marston.

"Well, I ain't so young as I was. I'm going on thirty."

"And how are they all?"

"Much the same. Old Madam Kate's gone. We had her funeral last week. Mr. Walsh he came over to read the service."

"And Mrs. Davis, is she still here? She seemed such a hearty creature. I should think she might get work."

"Well, and so she could." Mrs. Monk leaned back in her rocker, displaying her thick feet, swinging far apart gracelessly, in their woolen socks and stout shoes.

As she rocked she caressed the end of her nose, upon which the heat had left its flush, with her knitting-needle. Her garments exuded that curious odor which do those of persons whose effects are washed in the same

place where their cooking is done, and as Mrs. Marston looked at her she found herself wondering how any man could love this woman, or even want her—this woman in whom all element of charm seemed so entirely absent.

"About Mrs. Davis—I have to laugh!" Mrs. Monk rocked vigorously, and indulged in a peal of hilarity. "She'd got a splendid offer, only six weeks back. A widower—two sons—wanted her to look after them a bit—do the cleanin' and mendin'. Five dollars a month—all found! Well"—Mrs. Monk tipped her chair and laughed again—"well, she wouldn't quit here. She's in love!—and it ain't with the house neither."

"Mrs. Davis? That old woman?"

"You may say it."

"You're joking, Mrs. Monk?"

"No, I ain't. Ask Maggie."

Maggie was the wit of the establishment; an Irish woman, irrepressible, with a wagging tongue, and a shrill jollity which reverberated ever and anon through the silent halls.

"In love!"

"I guess that's the color of it. She's just crazy after a man here. Amos P. they call him. His name's Amos P. Hubbs."

"Mr. Hubbs!"

"Well, if it ain't queer I don't know."

"Why? What?"

"Says she knowed him when she was younger, over in Brooklyn. That may be. I must say them two isn't like the rest. They're educated and quiet spoken—and, well, I suspect they've been better off. She washes for him, mends his pants and duds now and then, does little chores for him. He ain't no good. He's got the rheumatiz. But he's a great hand to talk. Well, he hangs around her and they're dreadful set on each other."

"That old woman!" Mrs. Marston could only ejaculate again.

"Yes. He ain't so old. He ain't more'n fifty-five, and she's goin' on sixty if she's an hour; but she's a fine-lookin' woman for all that, is Mrs. Davis, and that widower would have hired her. Well, would you believe it, she weighed it in her mind for two days and

stopped and scooped up her son who had crawled to her side. She buried her face in his tangled curls with a maternal gurgle of satisfaction.

"She isn't so unattractive after all," thought Mrs. Marston, with contrition.

A sound of moving chairs warned them that the diners had finished their repast. In a few moments Mrs. Marston had entered the women's department. There they were all—Maggie and Phoebe and Mrs. Davis, with her added aureole of romance. Her handsome, motherly face smiled under its black fluted cap. Maggie was obstreperous as usual, full of gossip and reminiscence, teasing the others, and shaking her old yellow face at them.

"Have done, Maggie Sullivan! You're crazy. Here comes a lady."

There was Phoebe, the ruddy giantess, who had lived all her life in the Poor House, and had borne a child there, so long ago indeed, that, though the girl remained, the scandal which had heralded her birth was half forgotten.

This girl, Tot, stood now with arms akimbo, idle, dawdling, simpering, upon the neighboring dog-sill. Tot was not "all there," as the Scotch have it.

Then there was Diana. Diana was a negress. She was as black as ink. Oh, Artemis, starry-eyed, swift of foot, would not thy lip have curled in scorn and anger had this namesake of thine dared pollute thy great Ephesian temple, seeking blessing?

About Diana there hung a horrible and ghastly interest. Even Mrs. Marston found it difficult when the wretched creature was in the room to detach her eyes from a fascinated scrutiny of her shapeless, ghoul-like ugliness. She was short-limbed and heavily built; from her swarthy throat her head rose, unnaturally small. It was perfectly round, surmounted by a crown of bristling wool; her forehead was flat, bulging and lowering; her nose wide; her jaws prognathous, with brutal lupine lips, which held between them always the stump of a clay pipe. The rat-like roving of her beady eyes suggested a mind preyed upon by impulses of malignity and apprehension.

"When she ain't smoking she gets fidgety," the matron here remarked. "Gets sort of wild and nervous and can't do her dishes."

At twenty Diana had been nurse to the child of a farmer's wife. One day furtively she had carried the child into the neighboring woods, and there had crushed in its head between two stones. She had no dislike to the baby, no grudge against its parents. What savage and sensual instinct found vent in this hideous deed? What inherent depravity was known only to herself. The jury had disagreed; six were for hanging her, while six insisted she was irresponsible. The word which the slayer of a President has left to us, that crisp and comprehensive appellative "crank," had not been added yet to our American vocabulary. That word which designates those dangerous beings who vacillate forever upon the edge of madness was still to be invented by one of its most virulent exponents. Diana

was refused at the Lunatic Asylum, declared unfit for the Idiot's Home, so twenty years before she had been brought here. There had been talk of a new trial, but time, perhaps, had assuaged the grief of the bereaved mother; at any rate, here ever since she had remained forgotten. If the furies which had shaken her youth still slumbered, who could say? She passed her days in washing dishes; if now and then she rattled them in the sink, nicking their corners with vengeful emphasis, it was perhaps the expiring protest of a burned-out volcano. She always courtesied to Mrs. Marston, calling her by name, but with her Lola could never bring herself to speak, acquitting herself by a nod of greeting.

To-day her attention several times wandered to where a new physiognomy detached itself from among the well-known ones of the women. Something there was, however, of reserve and modesty in the bearing of the new inmate, so that she hesitated to intrude even a smile in her direction. Her tact was rewarded. The young woman, who was neatly dressed and had a certain refinement about her person, moved forward and addressed her.

"I'm a newcomer, ma'am," she said. "I would never have been here only for my child."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Marston, her eyes all sympathy.

"Yes, I had a good place down by Roslyn. They're rich folks. I scrubbed and cooked for the men in the lower farm. The lady was kind to me. She let me have Rosy, Rosy's my child. But one day her arm began to swell up and she got the blood-poisoning, and I had to leave my place to nurse her. She came near dying. The doctor says I saved her with my care; but they got a Polish woman, and she did not have any child, and so . . . I found it convenient . . . to come in here . . . I had to come."

"Why wouldn't the widower's place do for her?" asked Mrs. Marston, turning to Mrs. Davis with an inspiration of helpfulness.

"Oh, they're decent folks," said Maggie. "They'd take no young 'uns."

The young woman flushed, and made a deprecating gesture. Mrs. Marston turned the subject which seemed to involve some hidden sting, and continued to chat with the others. Rosy's mother relapsed into silence. By and by she left the room. In a moment she reappeared with the child in her arms—a lovely child with dark curls, great lustrous eyes and cherry lips. The little one had on a clean cotton frock.

"This is my Rosy," she said.



POOR HOUSE TYPES.

nights. She couldn't sleep or eat—she was that flustered. It meant leaving the Poor House, and she's a well-born woman, Mrs. Davis, and a good home, and wages, too, again a rainy day; but when the time come she couldn't do it. You see she couldn't leave Amos. I guess she thought he'd kinder miss her."

Mrs. Monk laughed once more, but this time there was less spontaneity in the merriment; it wavered a moment and then ceased, sobering into sudden silence. Mrs. Marston somehow, too, had grown grave.

"Is she quite alone in the world—quite friendless?"

"She ain't got no relatives as I know of. They're all dead, or maybe ungrateful. She's been a good woman always, so I heard some folks who knowed of her tell. Nobody ever asks for her. She's been here nigh on seven year. Her husband was a bad egg, I guess, but he ain't livin'."

"Then I suppose this . . . affection . . . is the only one she has in the world."

"Well, I guess it's all there's left to her."

The last words were uttered in a tone so gentle that it was almost a sigh. Mrs. Marston looked up surprised. Her deep eyes met the opaque ones of the matron. There was a pause.

"The quaintest thing is she's changed religions. She was Congregationalist—Mrs. Davis—blue as blue! Went to meetin' reg'lar. Yes, a reg'lar blue light. Well, will you believe it, when the priest come here to see Amos when he thought he'd die with the pain across his chest, three weeks back, she ups and gets him to baptize her a Catholic. Now, ain't that droll? I guess they'd like to be married, but we couldn't have it here."

"No!"

"I don't say as if they went out and did it as the trustees could raise objections. There ain't no law agin' marriage. But you understand . . ."

"Yes."

"Well, she's bound to be the same as him. I guess she was afeard if they wan't the same religions they'd get separated somehow in another world. They ain't got much to look for here, I guess."

Mrs. Monk's voice was a little husky.

"So this place has its idyl," murmured Lola.

"Eh?"

"It's love affair."

"Seems so."

They were silent.

"How sad," said Mrs. Marston, after a while.

"Well, it is, now you come to look at it." Mrs. Monk



"Surely, surely," said Mrs. Marston, kindly, "she doesn't look like an invalid. She's a beauty. The mother's face lighted with pleasure. "Does she now?" she said. "She's nearly well." "Are you English?" asked Mrs. Marston. "Yes, ma'am. How did you guess?" "By your speech," said Mrs. Marston, "as they said to Peter."

"Well, I won't deny my nation as he did," she answered, a trifle proudly.

"She is very intelligent," thought Mrs. Marston. "Oh, how dreadful!"

"You see," said the young mother, while a bright pink color rose in her cheeks, "she's the best baby when she isn't ill. I used to tie her with a long rope to a tree just outside the window where I worked so I could see her, and do you believe she stay'd there all day long with never a whimper. Just laughing and crowing and playing by herself. I used to carry her milk out to her. Those people were good. I'll never get such another chance again. People won't have children."

"She's a lovely child," repeated Mrs. Marston, with that sense of despair such cases awaken in us.

She noticed that her words brought no echo with the other women. She rose and made her adieux, leaving a golden coin in little Rosy's hand.

Still, on the whole, with all their lack of charity, with their frivolity and narrownesses, the women imparted something to their surroundings which the men could not. Somewhere within those withered breasts there were movements of motherhood, love-tones, an occasional spark of that light-heartedness which God has given to feminine things, that spirit of natural gaiety which bubbles up now and again in the veins of the most sorrowful of women, a flotsam of their girlhood. There were plants in the window where they sat; there was even a canary-bird in a wooden cage, singing in the sunlight, and they themselves were occupied. Many of them were sewing, and all were chatting. If it was not home-like, it was at least not grave-like.

But grave-like was the melancholy of the men's ward. Two or three tramps belonging to that genial genus which perambulates country roads, and whose stomachs are always ready to absorb cold griddle-cakes, discarded biscuits and warmed-over coffee, sat near the door. One with crutches, one in a high, brimless hat, one in a tattered uniform, were exchanging a monosyllabic colloquy in a corner by the empty stove, which served as a spittoon. These were the men of the world. They had something to relate. But the others, the others! Each alone on his chair, his back to the wall, unoccupied, humiliated, undone. With the fine perceptions of her delicate nature, Mrs. Marston noticed that this humiliation, this sense as it were of mortification, defeat, failure, which left no mark upon the women, had stamped itself indelibly here. They avoided her eye, they had nothing to say. All was over! She had brought some newspapers, and she now produced them and tried to rouse their interest in the last election.

"Well, ma'am, I was once a Republican," said an old man, rising and offering her his seat. "And I'm an old soldier, and I got my pension, but I'm so sick I came in here for the doctor. I'm eighty-three and full of pains. I guess my pension'll not last 'em much longer."

"We gave 'em a good lickin' this time in the State," chuckled one of the tramps, addressing no one in particular, and rubbing his knees. He was "Crazy Jim," who scoured the country roads early and late.

A hump-backed man, with an embarrassed manner and a pinched, starved face, appeared at the doorway.

"That's Mr. Fussi. He's a musician," said Mr. Hubbs, addressing Lola.

Fussi, too, was a new arrival.

"Are you an Italian?" asked Lola. His pathetic figure filled her with pity.

"My father was," he replied, shortly. He had one of those faces which haunt the memory.

"And you are a musician?"

"Whose music nobody wants," he said, with a smile that Mrs. Marston never forgot.

"Good-day." Flourishing one arm as if he were uncovering before her, the musician turned away and went quickly up the narrow stairway, vanishing from her sight.

"He's a perfect gentleman, Mr. Fussi is," said Mr. Hubbs. "But I guess, like the rest of us here, he's met with misfortune."

"Well, I'll bring you fruit and oysters the next time I come, and I hope you will all be well. Good-by, Mr. Hubbs."

"Good-by, Mrs. Marston."

"Good-by."

Once more in her carriage she could think again. It was a ten-mile drive through woody lanes and meadow lands. The sunshine lay upon the fields. Summer breezes ran with crackling sounds through the dry grass. The mill at the old pond turned lazily its crumbling wheel. The thirsty cattail drew close to the water under the shade of trees for shelter from the heat, switching their tails to brush from their dry flanks the flies that bled them. Their lowing and the buzz of insect wings were the only sounds which shook this scene of infinite repose.

Yes, she could think, and there was time. Think! What did it all mean? What were these wrecks of the

world? Of that vast machinery which grinds humanity to pulp. Why were they ever born to linger thus? And were they really as miserable as they appeared to her? Self-love protected them, perhaps. We are never, in our own estimation, quite as forlorn as others see us. But to Lola it all was pitiful, and to her useless questionings the only answer was, as she drove homeward through the quiet noonday, her silent tears.

(Continued next week.)

## MEN MANNER MOOD

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

XXXIV.

SARDOU'S latest drama, "Spiritisme," struck me as containing two acts of his most brilliant work. Our New York critics were never more obtuse than when they called this play a weak one. On the contrary, it is intensely powerful until the third and last act. A review of it in the "Tribune," evidently written by that able but very prejudiced gentleman, Mr. Winter, denounced it as a vulgar "problem" play upon a "tainted and hackneyed subject." Whenever Mr. Winter foams at the mouth the foam is as copious as boarding-house soap-suds on Mondays. His stupendous bigotry with regard to French dramatists—and not a few other kindred subjects besides—is as familiar to us as the droll obstinacy of the journal for which he writes in spelling "employee" "employe." The "Tribune" adopts this form of spelling in picturesque defiance of the dictionary. Mr. Winter, an "employee" of the newspaper in question, uses a like defiance against the wonderful dramatic force and unparalleled stagecraft of the French. "Sophisticated reasoning, nawkish sentimentality and theatrical trash," "decoctions of extravagance," "flimsy and mischievous," "bad taste and folly," "blithering idiot"—how we recognize all the old rusted implements of invective in this swashbuckler vocabulary of surely thirty years' duration! Nothing but death, or a silencing siege of epilepsy will ever stop Mr. Winter from blackguarding—there is no other word—the great or lesser works of French playwrights. Fortunately everybody takes him for granted now. An essayist, at his best, of delightful literary skill, he will be remembered as a maker of many felicitous and even memorable phrases. But as a critic his prejudice and irascibility, his occasional almost martial fanfares of ignorance, his stubborn substitutions of abuse for acumen, of strut for synthesis, of animadversion for analysis, have left him as defunct as he will be found a century to come.

Meanwhile (the well-known francophobia of the gentle Mr. Winter aside) "Spiritisme," even indifferently performed as it is at the Knickerbocker Theater, contains a marked amount of merit. To assert, as so many newspapers have done, that Sardou writes from the standpoint of any disclosed belief in spiritualism is purely absurd. The *scène* in the first act is an admirable piece of stagecraft, and there are passages of "argument" and "treatise" (called so by the usually flippant "first-nighter" and odious to him because they levy even a faint tax upon his intelligence) which reminded me, at times, of the same author's noble masterpiece, "Daniel Rochat." What happens at the *scène* has happened at thousands of others. Sardou does not tell us that the medium, Dr. Douglass, is a fraud; he leaves us to decide so or not, as we may please. At times badly translated, the dialogue here sparkles with telling scintillations. In the second act we have marvelous ingenuity of construction, a suspense piercing and breathless, a novelty of situation equal to anything in "Nos Intimes," "Dora," or "Les Bourgeois de Pont D'Arcy." Where Simone looks from her hiding-place behind closed shutters, and sees her own beloved corpse carried back from the railway station followed by her mourning husband, the very most sensitive nerve of emotional intensity is touched. Afterward, in its third and final act, the finale becomes too obvious. At least, it seemed to become so the other night. But we must remember that Sardou relied, in Paris, upon Madame Bernhardt to appear before her husband as a reincarnated spirit. That is, the act was constructed for a great genius to "carry" it. Miss Virginia Harned, creditable as she is, was most probably not in Sardou's thoughts. I hope that they do not darken the stage so opaquely at the Renaissance as they do at the Knickerbocker. People in the balcony, people farther than three rows off in the orchestra, can see nothing except two misty figures, and scarcely even those. But in Paris one can easily imagine the silver delicacies and golden luxuries of Madame Bernhardt's voice while she gradually resolves herself, as it were, from spirit to flesh. An obvious act—yes. But I can well realize that in Paris, with the mighty Sarah as its chief figure, this act made the real hit of the evening, in a play signally deft, fresh and strong.

Mention of "first-nighters" here in New York reminds me of how wretched a rabble most managers have grown to regard them. The head of a prominent theater not long ago bitterly complained to me of their "pranks" and "capers." I am a rare "first-nighter" myself in these times, but I recall being a very frequent one. When Mr. A. M. Palmer was at the head of the original and highly popular Union Square Theater, at which he brought out with extreme success plays like "The Two Orphans," "Led Astray," "The Banker's Daughter," and others, he spoke with despair concerning the quality of his audiences at all *premières*. The other evening, as it seemed to me, a first-night audience did its best to giggle and titter and snicker "Spiritisme" into failure. Who are these gigglers and snickers and titters, one is apt to inquire. Are they jealous young dramatists with trunkfuls of rejected plays, or are they wives and sisters and brothers of the same? In any case, they appear to watch for the faintest chance of turning the house into a turmoil of derision.

Perhaps a few newspaper critics (to whom the best seats are so lavishly distributed) join in the general silent plot.

Still keeping, for a moment, to things theatrical, I should say that some sort of malice like this must have had a hand in the airy and lukewarm journalistic treatment of "Heartsease," at the Garden Theater. It is, all in all, an excellent play, replete with the best constructive art, fiery, pathetic, vigorous, and seldom irrational. In the third of its four acts, however, we are tempted to quarrel with it for the old device of having its characters wander through the hallways of a theater while the performance is in progress. You almost prefer the clumsiness, drowsiness, prolixity and "naturalness" of Ibsen to this kind of makeshift effect. But in this act we should pardon all artificiality of planning, for it is here that Mr. Henry Miller rises to really splendid heights. A young musician from whom the only copy of his cherished opera has been stolen, he enters Covent Garden Theater on the very night of its first performance under the name of the thief who has dared to produce it. The situation is intense, even terrible, and Mr. Miller grasps it with a most virile security.\* This actor has been accused of mannerism. Why not call it individuality? Years ago I believed that I foresaw in him extraordinary coming strength. But he has been handicapped by the savage restrictions of the "society" drama, and not till lately have his powers been permitted their deserved freedom. He possesses three of the chief qualifications demanded in a star: charm, distinction and dignity. There is one more attribute, perhaps more needful than all these. I mean, voice. Mr. Miller's voice is an organ which he has now so studiously trained that its volume and richness are disclosures vivid and fine. I do not know any American actor so amply equipped for the rôle of "Hamlet." To-day he would make a better one than poor Lawrence Barrett ever approached, and I have not a doubt that he would totally eclipse the English Mr. Villard. The secret of Mr. Miller's fascination is not easy to define. His "reading" is curiously heterogeneous. Its variations are so swift that what for a second strikes you as a curious monotony of inflection changes, the next second, into a vibrant dash of rhythm. One feels, at times, that the most genuine inspiration is struggling through a medium, an instrument, not quite yet mastered. The result is not always satisfactory; it sometimes bewilders the auditor, repressing his impulse of eulogy. Then, again, will come a sunburst of complete self-command, and the spirit of the true artist flashes upon us with a sort of golden surprise. All this, as I need not add, is excessively interesting. In Booth we were never thus interested, for in him we were called upon to admire that perfect sovereignty of the player over all impediments and subtleties of the text, for whose grand calm of conquest there is no fitting term save academic. But if Booth was an academic actor, Sir Henry Irving is a Gothic one. I mean by this that he is a living revolt against the security and repose of classic forms. All his successes (and they have been many) are vested with the modern meaning, the modern intellectualism, the modern gloom and gleam of spiritual introspection. He has not founded a school of acting, for there can be no schools without formulas, axioms, traditions. But if he had founded one, Henry Miller would belong to it—not in the faintest sense as an imitator, but as a thoughtful yet unconscious disciple. Of the Greek Pantheon we simply say: "It was perfect." Of the Notre Dame Cathedral we say: Call it as imperfect as you please, yet in its very faults lie mysteries of enticement. I suppose that Mr. Henry Miller, who is yearly growing in power and appeal, will never be "perfect." But he bids fair, with each new part that he undertakes, to accomplish one species of victory which is always keenly attractive to every sincere lover of his art: the presentment, in forceful outline, of histrionic intuitions. Perhaps this is too verbose a way of declaring that he thinks for himself, and therefore constantly assures us that he is verging, with delightful courage, upon the brink of greatness. This species of audacity strands me again on my former epithet of "interesting." And the stars in their courses are with an actor who can continuously be that. When I first saw him, over ten years ago, it seemed to me that he had much to learn. But now, each new time I see him, he humiliates me by revelations of how much more he knew that he had to learn, and how much more he has succeeded in learning, than I, in my wise-acre self-complacency, had the prescience to predict.

What is this highly edifying tale about the fierce jealousy caused in Washington by Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt having rented half a pew at St. John's Church? In this place of worship, states a New York newspaper, "pew-rents are high, but there are many people who would be perfectly willing to pay even more than the Vanderbilts if there were spare pews. . . . People who had been waiting for years to get a pew in St. John's at once declared that undue favoritism had been shown." Furthermore, it is alleged that the congregation of St. John's is "famous for its good works in charity and its exclusiveness in society. . . . The antithesis in those final words, which I have ventured to italicize, contains a pungent thrill. You can't help asking yourself what kind of a clergyman presides over this charitable yet exclusive flock. I confess that I should like to hear one of his sermons. His name and title are the Reverend Mackay Smith, we are told. The world is prodigal in Smiths, good, bad and indifferent, but of Smiths who endeavor to combine snobbery and religion, I trust it has not an ample supply. Either the word blasphemy should be stricken outright from our dictionaries or no temple dedicated to the adoration of Christ should be sanctioned as "exclusive." Its charities, if they really exist, become insolence and mockery. Ecclesiastic vainglory was part and parcel of the Middle Ages; nowadays hard names wait for the assemblages that uphold it, and harder ones still for the "pastors" who approve it with their hired indulgence. Does this Reverend Dr. Mackay Smith, while preaching to his patrician pew-holders, ever so far forget himself as to remind them how much inferior to their own was the

\* It is not, by the way, a new situation, and can be found in Chapter VII. of Ouida's beautiful Italian novel "Pascarel."



"social position" of the Christ whom they gather for the purpose of glorifying? How he can possibly fail to do so if he reads aloud to them passages from the Four Gospels, is not easy of comprehension; for there is scarcely a page in any of these books which does not either applaud meekness and humility of spirit or else denounce plutocratic and "exclusive" pride. An apostolic aristocrat! How the phrase sticks in one's throat! Long ago Thackeray pelted the type with his contempt, but it seems to have outlasted such invective. Is Dr. Mackay Smith, of St. John the Washingtonian Patrician, one of its most stalwart survivors?

The Hotel Tariff Bureau now publishes in certain newspapers every Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday, I observe, an exceedingly sensible list of restaurants, under the heading of "Where to Dine." As a guide to the numberless throngs of strangers who are incessantly drifting into New York, this list cannot be too highly esteemed. It gives the names and addresses of the most popular eating-houses, and points out those whose meals are solely *à la carte* and those in which a *table d'hôte* exists. Among them I find the name of Riccadonna, and it fills me with genial and fragrant memories. Mr. Riccadonna, I believe, is now an extremely prosperous person. If ever success was deserved he deserved it, and his present triumphant localization in Union Square is a shining proof of how the conscientious cook will sometimes, if not always, be as richly rewarded as the virtuous citizen. But heaven forbid my even vaguely hinting that this wiry little blond Italian is not as virtuous a citizen as he is (when so he desires) a peerless and even poetic cook. I have charming recollections of his earlier struggling days, when he kept, in East Eleventh Street, not far from the pale Westminster-like symmetries of dear old Grace Church, a little suite of dining-rooms, cleanly and neat. Here, during the summer of 1876 (if I mistake not), a small Bohemian group would collect, evening after evening. A special table was always in wait for us, clad with snowy linen, decorated with spires of choice celery and slim, tawny Italian bread. Riccadonna's dinners were in those days far better than one can now get for the same price at any *café* on the Roman Corso or the Neapolitan Chiaja. "Frank" Saltus, as we all called him (elder- and half-brother of the now famous Mr. Edgar Saltus), regularly dined with us. The late H. C. Bunner was nearly always there, and Mr. B. B. Vallantine, the vivacious "Fitznoodle" of "Puck," which Bunner had then just begun to edit, were seldom absent. The late John Moran often joined us, a handsome young Irish poet, full of ability which he was too indolent to husband and father, and who died prematurely a few years later, without an enemy in the world except his own poor, foolish, reckless, winsome self. Moran's ability was distinctive, and yet his verse forever echoed, far too fatally, the Rossetti whom he adored. As a companion, in his best days—and those at Riccadonna's were among his best—he shone with the most companionable radiance. Mr. A. E. Lancaster, the dramatist and journalist, would sometimes drop in upon us. Our claret was perhaps indifferent, but our gaiety and sociality were of a rarer brand. Outside, over the hot city, July and August suns would breed their long, sultry twilights. But we would linger till the midsummer dark had settled upon the monstrous environing town, often fanning our moist faces with the convenient palm-leaves which our host provided. Riccadonna would always have for us some special delectable dish, and we always felt that it was cooked in honor of Saltus, whom he deeply cherished, and who could speak to him in the purest Tuscan, doubtless challenging his new respect at every fresh and melodious turn of idiom. For Saltus was our bright particular star. We all felt that if he had not been there none of us would have come. He was a humorist, and it sometimes seemed to me that Bunner and Moran and two or three others liked him best in that phase. But I liked him best as the poet he undoubtedly was—the poet to whom after years should have been kinder than they have thus far proved. None of us were linguists, and he was a very remarkable one, speaking and writing with thorough fluency four languages besides his own—French, German, Italian and Spanish. Much of several other languages he also knew, but in the four which I have mentioned he was marvelously facile and secure. The literatures of these four languages he also had at his finger-ends; and thus, to the group of comparative ignoramuses surrounding him he could pour forth, as he often did, the most diverting and instructive monologues. I am not a critic of French poetry; I am not, for that matter, a critic at all. But not a little of the original French verse which Saltus would sometimes read to us made me wonder if the dead-and-gone De Musset and Gautier and Baudelaire might not be hovering in spiritual commendation over Riccadonna's flavorful macaroni. Nearly always, too, he had some English poem, just composed, which he would read us, "across the walnuts and the wine." These would be variable in merit, some below his highest reach, some well up to it. But then he read everything with so rich a fervor of expression that his minor and major moods of composition would affect us with an equal felicity. Of course, as only prejudice will deny, the last word has not yet been said concerning Francis S. Saltus. For many reasons, curious and complicated, it is a last word peculiarly difficult to say. But its saying awaits the fearless avowal of some reviewer perhaps yet unborn. Saltus's memory suffers from the terrible poetic inertia of his period. In this James Whitcomb Riley age his stanchest admirers and his most trenchant would-be dissectors must simply retire and remain idle. If he was not a flawless artist in verse he was a distinctly notable one. He is dead, and so is the Bunner who at one time professed to value him as a genius unique. Bunner's "poems," I see, are brought out by a leading publisher, and their full edition follows his recent death. Saltus's poems, if I mistake not, have all been published, in various volumes, by subscription alone. But between the capacities of Saltus and Bunner there is an ocean of difference. To compare the two men is to compare a statue with a statuette. In those old days at Riccadonna's we all clearly gauged Bunner's abilities as a writer, and despite his moderate subsequent "vogue" our estimate still remains, I should say, perfectly correct. He was a dainty though sometimes a fairly earnest trifler with life. The arc of an author's

character and personality inevitably subtends his achievement. Bunner, while gifted with a power of transient and unsustained pathos, was in the main "newspapery," tricky, farcical, mechanical, trivial, insincere. Saltus, on the other hand, was a positive Switzerland of accomplishment, so deep were his occasional valleys of artistic error, so undeniably lofty his heights of occasional artistic truth. But I am not venturing to survey the strangely undulate and mysterious landscape of his talents. I am only mentioning how deeply we were all his debtors for many hours of happy intercourse there in the Eleventh Street "back room" at "Riccadonna's," smelling, in its Romanesque way, of risotto, and cheese, and fried veal cutlets, and oleaginous fish, and—well, if you choose, of uncompromising garlic besides; but diffusing, nevertheless, the most savory and seductive of aromas—one that resolves itself now into a memorial perfume, and floats to me from the past intermingled with echoes of mirth and poesy and happiness, and the inestimable blessing of youth which begets all three!

An editorial, recently printed in the "World," declares that Longfellow is thus far the only great poet whom America has produced. This is like calling a rose a star, or saying of a star that it is the sun. No sweeter or truer poet than Longfellow ever lived. But he was not great, he was not even intellectual. The spontaneity of his verse had flow, never rush. It was affluent, if you please, but never torrential. Its crystal qualities always keep reflecting heaven, but only a heaven of springtide, of summer, of autumn's placid phases. It has energy, equipoise, delicious craftsmanship, a rare enthusiasm for beauty, an unrivaled purity of conception and execution, but it is wholly devoid of passion, of subtlety, of drama, of the larger imaginative impulse. To call it great would be as mistaken as to call it charmless. It is indeed so charming, so replete with felicity, aptness, elegance, tenderness, humanitarianism, gentle eloquence, technical dexterity, stinging "quotability," that many people who never think of it otherwise than to admire it, still persist in calling it great. But great it is not, nor will the saner and surer verdicts ever so pronounce it. All in all, however, Longfellow is the most important poet that our country has thus far produced. Emerson comes next to him, perhaps, though the bulk of his metric writing is far less voluminous, and in melody he was at times very inferior. But Emerson is, at all times, either a poet or nothing. As a practical philosopher, with his soaring transcendentalisms, his incessant self-contradictions, and his almost torrid scorn of consistencies, he strikes us nowadays very differently from the way in which he struck our grandfathers "at forty year" and their sons in the hey-day of youth. It seems almost amazing, now, that he could ever have been called irreligious, for he is the essence of religion in its most optimistic and devotional sense. Still, his prose remains peculiarly beautiful and chaste, a model of all that is most admirable from the viewpoint of literary style. But it never seems so good as when we accept it as the prose of a poet and wish that it had been cast into the severer rhythmic forms.

But Emerson was, at best, a splendid minor poet. He never got beyond the lyric, and it is solely as a lyricist that he must be judged. Lowell, on the other hand, was more ambitious; but as Longfellow once said to me with his most expressive smile, Lowell was "too professorial." No keener criticism could have been passed upon him. He knew everything except how to be—himself. Is it not the Theban eagle that remains poised in mid-air with motionless wings? Lowell was an eagle, if you please, but his wings always revealed a betraying tremor. As a poet I do not believe that he will live very long in the letters of our land. There is only one true definition of poetry: emotion expressed rhythmically. Lowell, deficient in the power of portraying emotion, supplied this deficiency with intellect—of which his diamond wit not seldom formed a part. And of wit his luminous contemporary, Holmes, had a still larger share. Holmes, too, had the poetic spirit, but he lacked imagination, though he deluged his work with fancy of the rarest and richest kind. Whittier excelled him in fire, but it was the white, electric blaze, intense yet devoid of heat. It exposed the horrors of Slavery, but it did no more. Whittier was a superb sermonizer—a Puritan, hurling scriptural anathemas at what he felt to be a colossal national sin. When otherwise engaged he sank to the level of a winsome and captivating bard. All his sublimities (and he has some actual ones) are those of the angered reformer. He is patriarchal, apostolic, fulminant, when Slavery is his theme, but elsewhere he is mostly the mildest and suavest of lute-players—a laureate of breeze and bird, of blossom and meadow and brook. Bayard Taylor is a made poet rather than a born one; Bryant is a kind of Wordsworth reflected in ice, always as correct and formal as he is cold and stately. Of Poe (whom the "World" essayist mentions) it is almost idle to speak, for his meager handful of poetry is a bunch of marigolds, not passion-flowers, and wilted at that. Years ago Emerson truly called him "the man with a jingle," and by no means recently Mr. Henry James wrote of Poe's "very valueless verses." . . . So, then, we come to the question: Has America yet produced a single great poet? Who will deny that the answer is obvious? At the same time our national record has been, in this respect, astonishingly creditable thus far. In England, throughout the past fifty years, there has been only a single poet whose genius rose supreme above that of any writer in our own land. Name for name, we can match, during this period, the achievement of every poet save one. Need I openly state who that one is? Of course it is Tennyson. Whom else could I possibly mean?

I would except a single singer—Mr. Swinburne. But he is a prodigy. In some respects he has no rivals—or, rather, he previously had none. What he has done in the purely lyric vein no English-writing lyricist has ever approached. His one book, "Songs Before Sunrise," makes even Shelly turn tame, and every other lark-like melodist who ever lived, as well, save only the miraculous Hugo, sovereign of them all!

Mr. John J. Chapman, in a recent article printed by the "Atlantic Monthly," arraigns Emerson for having

written about love with pessimistic dogmatism, and for having really known little about his subject. Sexual love—the "Romeo and Juliet" impetuosity—is of course meant. But this estimate of Emerson is somewhat misjudging, since he was a fond husband and father, the head of a happy household. Still, I chance to know of an amusing incident which revealed his curious innocence concerning the subtle ways of woman. Not very long before he died, and while he was still in lucid possession of the faculties afterward so sadly lost, he met, at a reception in Boston, an exceedingly beautiful young girl, one who had for several seasons been a belle in New York society and who was trained in every flirtatious and coquettish art, a *mondaine* to the tips of her rosy finger-nails. With this enchantress Emerson talked for some time. Perhaps every other man in the room had seen at a glance that Miss Blank was decidedly out of her teens and that despite her unimpaired loveliness, she had tact, knowledge of the world and serene self-poise all at her easy command. But Emerson saw nothing of the sort. To him she was a very primrose of virginal modesty, a pearl of unsophisticated maidenhood. With enthusiasm he turned to a friend, after the interview, and declared that he had seldom before seen, if ever, a creature of such exquisite shyness and chastity. This judgment of Miss Blank was circulated right and left with cruel industry, and roused in not a few listeners the cynic's laugh. But Emerson remained totally unconscious of his mistake, and it is doubtful if any one presumed to tell him how he had erred. The tale was given me as proof of his almost childish *naïveté* in all matters that concerned practical acquaintance with men, women and things. . . . Again I recall hearing of him that he once entered the sanctum of his friend and publisher, James T. Fields, with a manuscript poem which he affirmed to be something stupendously fine. It had been sent him by a writer unknown to fame, and while unwrapping it for the scrutiny of a fresh expected admirer, he kept murmuring praises that waked the warmest curiosity. But Fields, on glancing it over, could scarcely keep a straight face, so turgidly bombastic was it, so pompous in its spread-eagle phrases about freedom and Washington and Columbia and kindred patriotic themes. This story, however, has always struck me as either apocryphal or else highly exaggerated. For Emerson, notwithstanding the homespun simplicity of his mind and a rather marked absence of the humorous quality, was nevertheless a keen literary critic. Almost any paragraph of his own creative work will tell you that. He is inconsequential; his thoughts and sentences do not flow naturally from one another. Somebody has truly said of him that he is quite as enjoyable if you read him from the bottom of the page up as he is if you read him from the top of the page down. But, for all this, he has given us such unredundant, controlled and yet pregnant prose, that you feel how the sternest self-governance, the most rigid recopying, must have been lavished upon its firm and fine structure.

Poor Du Maurier! . . . Who knows, however, if before long we may not be calling him "Happy Du Maurier," to have escaped the failure which so often follows an enormously successful book? There are no new notes struck in his "Martian" thus far, and it has now progressed through several published installments. We have the same rambling colloquialism which pleased so many devourers of "Trilby," the same haphazard etchings of foreign continental bohemian life, the same copious quotations of French songs, the same Thackerayan interludes of familiar "asides" to the reader, the same desultory talks about eating and drinking in *cafés* and lounging on benches in boulevards or squares, and shabby-genteel poverty, and fiddle-playing and dancing, and beer-gardens, and *les beaux jours de jeunesse*. Chapter after chapter comes to nothing, and though we can't help admitting that it is all a rather clear portrayal of life in European towns, we ask ourselves if it is not sometimes very precarious English and we grow thoroughly convinced that it is English very slipshod and out-at-elbows and altogether indolent and swaggering to a most devilmaycare degree. And all the while we are waiting for some tremendous improbability to turn up, just as it did in "Trilby"—or, if you please, in "Peter Ibbetson" as well. And in the last "Harper's" installment such a tremendous improbability does turn up, "with a vengeance," as the author himself would say. Barty Josselin, the Adonis-like young hero, finds, one morning, a mysterious letter on his bureau, written in a cipher which only he and one other person in the whole world understand, signed "Martia," and supposed to be communicated by a disembodied spirit. It is full of cheerful tidings and supernatural advice, and you become aware that the beautiful and noble young Barty is going to be protected and cherished by this invisible astral personage right on through the rest of the story. This is surely pushing "romance" to its utmost limits. For my own part, I can scarcely believe that the most voracious consumer of "wonder tales" will take to it very kindly. "Trilby," after all, dealt with hypnotism, a subject concerning which her biographer showed himself almost pitifully ignorant, but still one concerning which the great throng that reads merely for amusement was willing to swallow all kinds of bugaboo assertions. "Martia" and her necromantic missives, however, are a step considerably more bold. We are no longer in the atmosphere of the improbable; the impossible has enfolded us with its most uncompromising haze. Credulity, in these realistic times, may be taxed, but can it, even by a Du Maurier, be too recklessly scorned? . . . Well, let us hope, for the love we all bear his memory as a marvelous humorist and satirist with the pencil, that this third and last novel will prove prodigiously popular, and pour shekels galore into the laps of his heirs!

If hours did not hang heavy, what would become of scandal?—Bancroft.

#### TOURS IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

The "Scenic Line of the World," the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, offers to tourists in Colorado, Utah and New Mexico the choicest resorts, and to the transcontinental traveler the grandest scenery. The direct line to Cripple Creek, the greatest gold camp on earth. Double daily train service with through Pullman sleepers and tourists' cars between Denver and San Francisco and Los Angeles. Write S. K. Hooper, G. P. & T. A., 318 Equitable Building, Denver, Colorado, for illustrated descriptive pamphlets.





TYPES OF GREEK FIGHTING MEN



THE KING OF SPAIN ON HIS FAVORITE PONY



CARRYING A MAN OVER



COOKING AN OMELETTE



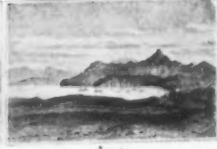
A NARROW ESCAPE



CANDIA



RETIMO



SUDA

THE PRINCIPAL TOWNS IN CRETE



THE LATE MR. CHARLES BLONDIN AND SOME OF HIS FEATS



CARRYING MR. BLONDIN



CROSSING THE FALLS OF NIAGARA



MANDOZ, THE CRETAN CHIEFTAIN



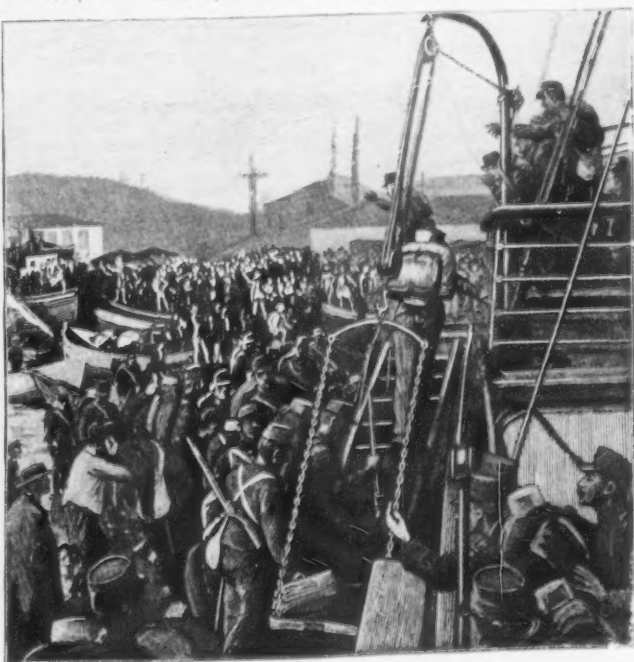
PAPA MARKOS, THE FIGHTING PRIEST



THE ATTACK BY CRETAN INSURGENTS ON THE VILLAGE OF HALEPA



MR. CECIL RHODES GIVING EVIDENCE BEFORE THE SOUTH AFRICAN COMMITTEE (LONDON NEWS)



GREEK TROOPS EMBARKING AT PIRÆUS

## SILHOUETTES.

BY J. R. HOYT.

A PRETTY idea for the decoration of a boudoir, belonging to a woman who is fond of keeping her Lares and Penates in the way of associations about her, is a wainscot border, about two and a half feet in width, consisting of a heterogeneous collection of odds and ends, sketches, embroideries, etchings, etc.—anything that is worth keeping either for its intrinsic value or for memory's sake—and which can be framed in irregular panels, by strips of wood, the latter being painted or stained a uniform color, which harmonizes agreeably with the rest of the room, this paneling, however irregular in shape, being on an even plane at top and bottom. The more various and original the collection the more interesting and picturesque it is; the roughest sketches have a value if mounted in this way—photographs, bits of china and bric à brac hung on velvet backgrounds, even bits of favorite gowns that have some particular association, or old letters—in fact, anything and everything, a general pot-pourri of mementoes and decorative rag-tags. In a room in which this idea had been carried out, the wainscot itself is of paneled wood, stained green, the strips that frame the patchwork border corresponding in shade. The wall above the wainscot is hung with a pretty paper of branches of roses and green leaves on a white ground; and another unique idea in this odd little room is a large painting of the summer woods, "flicked with checkered shade and sunshine," framed into the wall with the semblance of a window frame, so as to resemble a view through the open window. At either side of the real window, brackets placed one above the other, filled with vines and flowering plants, complete the mural decoration of this original little sitting-room.

This, it is claimed, is a woman's age. As far as being allowed to shape her own destiny, in any career she chooses to adopt, she has been placed on a par with man. At no previous time of the world's history has she enjoyed the privileges and opportunities that are now accorded to her, by the ever-broadening views of public opinion. There is no longer any reason, should she be unmarried, for her to waste her existence in a comatose state of vegetation. If she has the ability, all the professions are opened to her, and the riches and fame attending them appear as actual possibilities on her horizon. How many are capable, however, to avail themselves of these opportunities? "There's the rub." One among ten? One among a hundred would be nearer the truth. The rest, through no lack of ability, but from an utter want of practical education, are thoroughly incompetent. By practical education is meant an education which is as complete and on as sound a basis as a man's, and which will turn out women as competent to adopt the trades or professions as men, as a result. As it is, however, their own incompetency presents an almost insurmountable obstacle to the success of women, up to the present time. Year by year the would-be bread-winners among them increase and multiply, and although there is no reason nowadays why a woman should not earn her own living, there is every reason in the world, should such a prospect be before her, that she should be thoroughly fitted to cope with all its difficulties. In many a family in straitened circumstances the education of its boys, as it undoubtedly should be, is regarded as paramount in importance; the girls must fare as they can, their education does not seem nearly as much a matter of necessity, and is therefore neglected. In such a case it is hard to know what is best to do; of course the boys should have every possible advantage, and it resolves itself into a sort of survival of the fittest; but it is hard on the weaker sex, who go to the wall. If they do not marry, what is left for them to do? A companion, a governess, a weary, monotonous life of uncongenial employment. The majority of women who have attained a competency in some successful work have begun, after the season of their earliest youth is past, to learn their trade from the most elementary beginning, and it only shows what they are capable of, that they should succeed so well. Conditions conform themselves to public opinion. It is considered little less than a sin to neglect the education of a "man child," but a simple grounding of reading, writing and arithmetic, and a few accomplishments, are all that is thought positively needful in the case of a girl. In fact some conservative old gentlemen are of the confirmed opinion that the less women know the better. It may be said that the fault lies with the girls themselves, that if they wished a better education they would get it; but how many boys, given the choice at fourteen or fifteen, would elect to grind over their studies any more? It should be as much a matter of course for the one as it is for the other. There are numbers of girl graduates from the colleges every year, but few of these study a profession or could turn their knowledge to any practical account, and even these, taken as a percentage of women in general, is small indeed. Can there not be some radical change as to what is expected of girls that will fit them, if necessary, to support themselves and do battle with the world? It is a problem which is left to the parents of the future generations to solve. The majority of boys, whether they are well-to-do or poor, go into business or study a profession; with girls it should be the same. It should not be a confession of poverty to work, or an eccentricity; it should be, as with boys, the general custom, and the necessary education given without considering the question of sex.

"I can remember," said a woman who was trying on the spring hats at a milliner's the other day, "how my mother when she was thirty would conscientiously, after due consideration, renounce a becoming bonnet on the ground that it was too youthful, and therefore at her age unsuited and unseemly, while now the greatest fear of middle-aged women is that they might choose headgear that is not sufficiently youthful." In this par-

Those who use Dobbins' Electric Soap each week (and their name is legion) save their clothes and strength, and let the soap do the work. Did you ever try it? If not, do so next Monday sure. Ask your grocer for it.

ticular the fashions have notably changed in the last two score of years, for now not only do matron and maid dress in much the same manner, but grandmother and granddaughter are also attired in similar fashion. This is partly a consequence of having bonnets tabooed with cloth dresses, in Paris, and for country wear round hats being worn by French women of all ages. The general custom of every one wearing short skirts for all forms of outdoor exercises has also much to do with the prevailing youthfulness in dress. Whatever the cause, however, no especial dignity is expected of age nowadays; a woman may dress as youthfully as she pleases, and adopt the giggle of sixteen without exciting any special comment, except perhaps one of admiration for her buoyancy of spirits. The modistes exhibit no longer models praised as suitable for elderly ladies; they would probably have great difficulty in disposing of them if they did; but for their customers of advancing years they produce the smartest and jauntiest of garments and hats, declaring that they are most becoming to madame, that the effect is *ravissante*, the latter being only too ready to believe what they assert.

## ECHOES OF THE OLD WORLD.

## THE FAMINE IN INDIA.

THE "North American Review" for March publishes a strong, interesting article on the famine in India, by Sir Edwin Arnold. The distinguished author of "The Light of Asia," from his many years residence in India, as Principal of the Sanskrit College at Poona in the Bombay Presidency, and Fellow of the University of Bombay during the troubled era of the Indian Mutiny, is singularly well qualified to treat the subject. He knows whereof he speaks, and writes his article for the enlightenment of "the American public, that they may more justly judge the stupendous tasks undertaken by the Queen's Government in India, the faithful spirit in which that Government administers its prodigious charge, and some of the reasons why, without expecting any such complete success as is really impossible in saving the lives of the imperiled millions of our Indian fellow-subjects, American observers may perceive the sincere nobility of England's purpose, and may appreciate—nay, even admire—a self-imposed responsibility without parallel in the history of righteous and capable rule."

Speaking of the beneficent rain Sir Edwin goes on to say: "Well does the Koran praise Allah for his gift of that soft and serviceable tribute of the sky, 'which might be black and bitter if he willed, a true and exquisite miracle of Nature.' India positively lives by the rain as a child by its mother's breasts. Twinned like those maternal inventions of creative beneficence are also the source of India's sustenance: to wit, the southwest and the northwest monsoon." From May or June until September with the first there comes, almost all over the Peninsula, after the hot weather, the "burra choop," or "great silence," a copious flood of rain which turns the dry yellow soil into an emerald green as if by magic. Then the peasant gets into it first the "kharif," or summer crop reaped in autumn, and afterward the "rabi," sown later and reaped in spring. When by one or both monsoons the fruitful water is withheld, "then in all epochs of India's history Death in his most cruel shape has stalked over the land and has slain the ryots (farmers) and their families by millions." The fatal event of a deficient rainfall may be conjectured when one remembers on what a colossal scale food must be procured. "To feed only the Northwest and Oudh takes fifteen and a half million acres; to feed Bengal, fifty-four and a half millions; to feed Bombay, twenty-four and a half millions, and to feed Madras, thirty-two million acres of properly watered lands! The population of these—only a portion, remember, of the vast country—would mount up to at least one hundred and fifteen millions of souls; and, speaking generally, they all depend in less or greater degree upon those timely 'kharif' and 'rabi' rains. Again, Hindostan, vast as it is, has no region of unused soil whereby modern methods could be introduced for the benefit of agriculture; neither Western nor scientific farming has found any success."

The Hindoo of to-day carries a plow or a wheelbarrow on his head and stands on a pointed stick drawn by a buffalo in order to make a two-inch furrow, just as his fathers have done for three thousand years past. He lives directly and placidly from the bountiful hand of Heaven, which he calls "Indra." He has no mind for costly Western implements; his winnowing machine is still and always the wind blowing from heaven. The staple foods of the people are "Jowarri" and "bajri" for the humble; wheat flour and rice for the Brahmins and the rich. About one hundred and eighty millions of that wonderful people never taste animal food at all, unless in the shape of milk curds and "ghi" (clarified butter). India is the best irrigated country in the world except Lombardy. Mysore, Madras, Hyderabad and Karnul are well provided with reservoirs, those marvelous "anicut," "fars" and "jheels," the work of bygone Maharajahs and Mogul lords. The Sanskrit Mantra says: "He who plants a tree, begets a son, and digs a well, goes to Swarga."

Sir Edwin goes on: "But ruling, as God knows we do, for the sake of the Indians first, and for revenue and reputation and power afterward, the British in India have outdone all ancient works of artificial irrigation by such vast gifts to the land as the Ganges Canal, the East and West Jumna Canal and those of the Bari Doab, of Agra, of the Lower Ganges, and the Soane, and the Sirhind, which cost tens of millions sterling and water millions of acres. The average population is two hundred and eleven to the square mile. Oudh, Bengal and the Northwest Provinces show an average of over four hundred. The villages number one for every two square miles. If the death rate of the Peninsula, even in ordinary seasons, were closely studied it would be seen what a mere 'bagatelle' the loss of even five million lives by famine is, contrasted with that fifteen per thousand which is the excess rate of Indian mortality records over those of London or Boston."

Two hundred millions of souls, all told, are the colossal numbers within "the Queen's India," excluding feudatory States. A vast preponderance of this

population is rural. In ancient times little or no resistance was offered to "the sky of brass and the soil of iron" which was regarded as the divine way of "preventing the inhabitants of India from quite outgrowing the productive capacity of their land." According to Sir Edwin, "the guardianship of India has been committed to Britain for divine purposes, to keep the land safe from exterior dangers, including the Muscovite and the monsoon." He also tells us that "India is the home of the Ideal." All women not deformed, outcast or insane are betrothed at an early age to a boy whose household thenceforth adopts her entirely; and should the husband die before or during marriage she submits to live in perpetual widowhood with the hope to rejoin her lord after death. The "rash ardor of crude reformers" the writer deprecates, who would promote the remarriage of Hindoo widows, because in this life all those who became wives a second time would find neither of the two allied families willing to sustain "a wife belonging in the next world to two husbands or to none at all."

The Bhao-bund, or blood relationship, is all-powerful. As in Japan, there are no poor laws and no paupers, the ties of kinship are everywhere acknowledged. Charity is a virtue—a necessity, according to the spirit of the Sanskrit verse which says,

"When the door is rudely fastened and the asker turns away,  
Thence he bears with him thy good deeds, and his sins  
on thee does lay."

The Hindoo "loses face" in applying to any save a kinsman for food. The *purdah-nashin*, or "Curtain-dwellers," women who must not be seen in public, cannot announce their misery nor take an alms bowl to the Relief Camp. A vast category of these women and children begin to perish as soon as the famine first appears. The Buddhist doctrine against the slaughter of animals and the total abstinence from flesh meat leaves the people an easy prey to disease. When they get relief, they are only walking skeletons of skin and bone; the man or woman has really died weeks before that day upon which they have found the Government distributor.

Another problem to be dealt with, and which makes the duty of relieving distress extremely difficult, is that unless food is prepared in a special way it is unlawful to use it, and loss of caste follows. The tanks and wells round which the inhabitants of the picturesque-looking villages congregate are liable to many forms of pollution, in which personal ablutions, washing of clothes and utensils, and watering of cattle are alike conducted, becoming in time of drought a source of pestilence. An Indian Viceroy who would import vast quantities of cereals wherewith to rescue the peasants would find himself possessed of a useless stock-in-trade, for just when the rain fell he would be a colossal corn merchant, his bags of rice and casks of flour would make a fine but useless display. The *Bunya*, and the village corn chandlers *Bapoo* and *Gumesh*, are the pipes by which the vast ordinary fertility of India flows to her children. For a solution of the problem of Hindoo life in all its forms one is reminded of the following lines from the eighth book of "The Light of Asia":

"Whilst Buddha spake these things before the King:—  
'Om Amitaya! measure not with words  
Th' Immeasurable; nor sink the string of thought  
Into the Fathomless. Who asks doth err,  
Who answers errs. Say naught!'"

DWELLERS in brownstone mansions, gorgeous flats and palatial hotels can hardly realize life in a tent. Yet the great Algerian chief, Si Kaddour ben Hamza, the grand marabout of the Ouled-Sidi-Cheikh, died peacefully in his tent of old age. Last year he accompanied on horseback the French Governor-General Cambon in his voyage, and afterward went to Figueir to obtain from Bou Amama the return on French territory of the Chaamba dissenters.

The ghost of "good Queen Bess" is veraciously declared to have been seen lately at Windsor Castle by members of the royal family and others. Anne Boleyn and Jane Seymour, the second and fourth wives of Henry VIII., favor the corridors of Hampton Court Palace after dark, so report says.

The Marquess of Salisbury received at the Foreign Office recently a deputation of representatives of science who asked the Government to establish a national physical laboratory at a cost of thirty thousand pounds for buildings and five thousand pounds a year for maintenance. The idea is under consideration.

Dr. Yersin, the eminent French chemist, who is now in Bombay inoculating against the plague, has been made an officer of the Legion of Honor by President Faure of the French Republic.

The German Imperial Chancellor, Prince Hohenlohe, who has recently celebrated his golden wedding in his palace in the Wilhelmstrasse, Berlin, received from Emperor William a marble bust of himself in the uniform of the garde du corps, and a gold medal struck to celebrate the occasion.

The infant son of the Czar's sister, the Grandduchess Xenia, was christened, February 18, by the name of Andrew Alexandrovitch. The Czar as chief sponsor carried the child three times round the altar table, while the father retired, and reappeared only at the end of the service to thank the Czar and Czarina and receive congratulations.

## WESTWARD THROUGH THE ROCKIES.

The traveler, tourist or business man is wise when he selects the Rio Grande Western Railway "Great Salt Lake Route" for his route to the Pacific Coast. It is the only transcontinental line passing directly through Salt Lake City, and in addition to the glimpse it affords of the Temple City, the Great Salt Lake and picturesque Salt Lake and Utah Valley, it offers the choice of three distinct routes through the mountains and the most magnificent scenery in the world.

On all Pacific Coast tourist tickets stop-overs are granted at Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou, Leadville, Glenwood Springs, Salt Lake City, Ogden and other points of interest. Double daily train service and through Pullman and Tourist sleeping cars between Denver and San Francisco and Los Angeles.

For illustrated pamphlets descriptive of the "Great Salt Lake Route," write I. B. EVELAND, Traveling Passenger Agent, 305 West Ninth street, Kansas City, or F. A. WADLEIGH, General Passenger Agent, Salt Lake City.



Emperor William, who is making a brief stay at Hubertusstock, is suffering from a small carbuncle on the right knee. A fancy dress ball which was to have taken place on February 17 was therefore postponed.

The opening of the Trans-Siberian Railroad will develop the resources of that vast region in a truly marvelous manner. Of the seven million acres parceled out for colonization nearly all that is free of the primeval forest has already been disposed of. The total length of the railroad will be four thousand five hundred and seventy-four miles from Tscheljabinsk to Vladivostok, on the Sea of Japan. This is the greatest length of any existing line. Over a third of the gigantic enterprise is finished, nine hundred and eighteen miles having been completed in 1895. From the main line there will be, later on, several branches, one of which, from Kiakhta to Peking, will be about six or seven hundred miles in length. At a speed of only thirty-five versts (about twenty-three miles) an hour, travelers from London will be able to reach Japan in sixteen days and China in seventeen days. The new railway will bring Europe into communication with a population of about four hundred and fifty million souls, including China, Japan and Corea—a third of the population of the earth.

The British Minister, Sir Mortimer Durand, and Lady Durand have interested themselves in the young widow of the Persian nobleman who met the girl at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, London, married her, took her out to Teheran, and then shut her up in his andarun. The girl, who is only twenty-six, is most anxious to return to her parents in London. A sum of two hundred pounds a year has been settled on the widow by the relatives of the deceased nobleman, and a large sum is being invested on behalf of the child, a son, who will only inherit when he is twenty-one years of age, and if he returns to Persia. The Persian Government resisted for a time the woman's departure on account of a religious difficulty with regard to the little son, but the woman is now on her way home with the boy, on the understanding that he is to remain a Mohammedan.

The "Roma di Roma," commenting on the Egyptian policy announced by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and the French reply, says: "Do not the French perceive that they have no right to be angry, and that in requesting the English to leave Egypt they indirectly give themselves notice to quit Tunis?"

The question of bull-fighting in the South of France raised a lively discussion recently in the French Chamber. M. Lavy, a Socialist, complained of the toleration accorded to bull-fights in the South. M. Dulau told M. Lavy to "look at home"—namely, to Paris—and said if the Gramont Law was to be enforced against bull-fights it should also be enforced against pigeon-shooting, steeple-chases and cock-fights.

The first general census of the population of Russia has just been completed, not without much difficulty, as the peasantry were alarmed, believing it meant a return to serfdom. In the villages the clergy were the chief persons employed. In St. Petersburg the work was done by Guard officers and students.

The adoption of the Gregorian calendar in Russia may be looked for at an early date, Russia being the only Christian country in Europe or the world which has not yet adopted it.

The Greek archaeological society of Athens made some recent excavations on the northwest slope of the Acropolis, which led to the discovery of the grottoes of Apollo and Pan.

Dredging in the Roads off Brest Harbor has led to the discovery, near Grande Riviere, half a mile from the coast, at a depth of forty feet, of a frigate one hundred and fifty feet long, pierced by numerous cannon-balls. The vessel is believed to have been sunk by the English nearly three hundred years ago.

The Americans in London will present to Mr. Bayard, United States Ambassador, a massive gold loving cup, costing five hundred guineas, in recognition of his great services to his countrymen in England and the conspicuous part he has taken in promoting a better understanding between the English and American people.

"The mountains look on Marathon, and Marathon looks on the sea,  
And musing there an hour alone,  
I dreamed that Greece would still be free."

And the dream is verified. Greece is free; and, what's more, Crete will be. We want another Byron to awaken interest in the "Islands of the Blest." Archbishop Temple of Canterbury, in reply to a mes-

sage from the Metropolitan of Athens, has written that the "Anglican Church prays earnestly to the Almighty to give the Cretans liberty, justice and peace." A great wave of sympathetic feeling surges over the British nation at the present time on behalf of Crete.

The Poet Laureate, Mr. Alfred Austin, has left London for the South of France on his way to Italy.

The death of Blanche, Marchioness of Waterford, which took place at Curraghmore, County Waterford, Ireland, has caused widespread mourning in the country round. In Waterford City the flag was hoisted half-mast. Lady Waterford leaves one son, the present (sixth) Marquess, and two daughters, Ladies Susan and Clodagh Beresford. The deceased lady was the only daughter of the Duke of Beaufort, and married in 1874, at the age of eighteen, the fifth Marquess of Waterford, who died in 1895. He shot himself because of a painful spinal disease. This calamity occurred at the princely home of the Beresfords, Curraghmore, in the grounds of which is a most beautiful white marble fountain erected at a cost of eleven thousand pounds, rivaling some of the "jet d'eau" at Versailles.

An object lesson in the history of family jewels has been given by the recent decision of the Master of the Rolls, and Lords Justices Lopes and Chitty, in the London Court of Appeal. Their Lordships ordered Lady Hill to hand over to her stepson, Lord Hill, the whole of the family diamonds, which she claimed as a gift from her late husband, the previous possessor of the title.

#### THE ONLY BLONDIN.

The death of Blondin, or, to give him his real name, Jean Francois Gravelet, removes an artist who was without a rival in his profession. No acrobat or gymnast ever did the wonderful things that Blondin accomplished, and accomplished with apparent ease and comfort. Left an orphan at the early age of nine, he took to the profession he afterward followed with so much distinction like a duck to water, and although he more than once retired temporarily into private life, he may really be said to have remained in harness for sixty-three years, since he was born in 1824 and made his last public appearance in August last year. Many a time nervous thousands have watched him both inside and outside the Crystal Palace, London, in his wonderful feats on a rope placed at such a height that it made one almost giddy to look up at him. But his greatest feats were done in this country, where he spent much of his life, and gained many friends and admirers. In 1859 he crossed the rapids just below the Falls of Niagara, on a rope eleven hundred feet long, and stretched at an elevation of one hundred and sixty feet above the water. The feat, in itself, was a marvelous one. To this day, the visitor to Niagara is shown the place where Blondin crossed the rapids. Not satisfied with merely passing over by himself, he followed up the feat by carrying a man on his back, wheeling a barrow in front of him, and crossing blindfolded. To properly understand the iron nerve required for this feat, one must see the rapids, and hear the noise of the waterfalls. On one occasion he crossed in the presence of the Prince of Wales, who, if report tells truly, was much relieved when the artist reached the other side. Since that time he used a pair of stilts. Blondin's name will go down to posterity as one of the wonders of the century, and his performances will never be forgotten on either side of the Atlantic.

#### INFORMATION ON THE SPOT.

Writing from Canea February 8 a British naval officer says: "H.M.S. 'Barfleur' is now sending its batch of refugees to the Piræus by a Greek steamer, making in all two thousand Christian fugitives who have been received on board the 'Barfleur' and dispatched, with three days' provisions, either to the Piræus, Milo, or Spezio. The sufferings of these unfortunate people can only be imagined when I tell you that most of them possess only the clothes in which they stand. The majority of the families, too, have been separated in seeking refuge on the different warships. The town of Canea is now practically deserted by the Christians. As, in many cases, the houses have been left intact, the Arabs will be looting them for some time. Captain Custance, of the 'Barfleur,' has been indefatigable in his exertions to extinguish the fires, and to render whatever assistance he can."

Since Germany's warships appeared off Canea, all the six great Powers are represented in Cretan waters, though in varying strength. Great Britain leads the way with no fewer than sixteen vessels

on the spot—six of these being battleships—with Rear-Admiral Harris in command on board the "Revenge." Italy is next with seven vessels present and more on the road, her commander, Admiral Canevaro, as senior officer, directing international operations. Russia also makes a fair show, but so far the other three Powers are very poorly represented, though additional vessels are on the way. Both Great Britain and Russia have ample naval reserves close at hand—respectively at Malta and in the Black Sea. As the Turkish war navy exists solely on paper the Greek fleet will have to reckon with the Powers alone. None of the Greek ships are very large or very new; indeed, the most serviceable seems to be the corvette "Nauarchos Miaulis," armed with six-inch guns, which fired the first Greek shot in the struggle. She stopped the Turkish dispatch boat "Fuad," which was carrying troops to Canea, and, by firing across her bows, forced the vessel to retire. On the other hand, the torpedo flotilla, brought on the scene by dashing Prince George, musters some half-dozen smart little boats, with more in reserve at home. They are German built and carry four one-pounders apiece. Prince George himself is on board the royal yacht "Sphacteria."

#### CECIL RHODES AT HOME.

Sir William Harcourt again monopolized the three hours of the South African Inquiry, February 19, in his examination of Mr. Rhodes, who on that occasion seemed to find himself more at home in the witness chair. Sir William was not very successful in his questions, and was more than once disconcerted by Mr. Rhodes's frank avowal of ignorance of detail or disinclination to involve third parties. At the first sitting Mr. Rhodes had hesitated to say who the "Chairman," mentioned in a former telegram, was, but on this occasion he said that he was the High Commissioner, Lord Rosemead. As his ignorance of detail appeared to surprise Sir William, Mr. Rhodes reminded the questioner that he was Prime Minister of the Cape, manager of the Chartered Company, chairman of De Beers, and chairman of the Consolidated Gold Fields, and consequently had only time to broadly sanction matters, but not to enter into details. Among the other noteworthy remarks he made were: "You don't think I was going to risk my position in order to change President Kruger for President J. B. Robinson?" When it was suggested that he must have gone to a Cabinet meeting, he replied, "No, the Cabinet came to me;" and, again, when Sir William Harcourt said that he must have written to Mr. Maguire, he replied, "No, I never write letters." A little later on he stated as the simplest matter in the world that he had for a long time financed the whole Matabele War out of his own pocket.

The most impressive point of the South Africa Committee's proceedings was that in which Mr. Rhodes gave up the part of witness for that of instructor, and frankly told his hearers that the agitation in the Transvaal would go on until the just claims of the British Outlanders were conceded. "The change must come," he said, "and in ten years' time all shall say it has come. What I am afraid of is that when it does come it will be a change from a Dutch to an English Republic." Again he urged the exact analogy of Crete, the only difference he could see being that English sympathy goes out to foreigners in that island, but it is not given to fellow-countrymen in the Transvaal. Mr. Rhodes was also indignant that Mr. Hofmeyr, "an outsider," should have counseled the High Commissioner on the subject of raising a proclamation against Dr. Jameson; but an even more characteristic touch was when, speaking

of the officers at Uganda, he said that they should prevent the French coming in between Uganda and Lower Egypt. They should do something—even without orders—to prevent that and not merely lie on their backs and eat three meals a day. Mr. Rhodes's personality utterly dominated the Committee, some of whose members looked shamefaced when he lectured them on the position in South Africa.

#### THE BOY KING.

No child was ever more welcome to a nation than the infant Alphonso XIII., born a few months after his young father's death. Spain had suffered too much from feminine rule to want another Queen on the throne, and so the country has watched her baby King grow up with the utmost anxiety and affection. Now the frail, delicate child has developed into a bright, healthy lad of nearly eleven—he was born on May 17, 1886—thoughtful beyond his years, and well alive to the dignity and responsibilities of his position. His mother's devoted training has been thoroughly successful, and though the King has his own military Governor and household, the Queen Regent's influence is still paramount. At first there was some danger that the child was a little over-educated for his strength, so studies were replaced by outdoor exercise and sports, with the result that the young King has almost outgrown his delicacy. The summer being spent at San Sebastian, he has plenty of sea air, and greatly enjoys trips to the various Spanish war vessels along the coast. He learned riding very early, taking daily lessons in the Palace stables at Madrid, where his favorite mount is a handsome pony bred from the royal stud at Aranjuez. But the King's strongest bent leans to military matters, and as a wee fellow of four just getting over a dangerous illness he would insist on standing at the window to see the Palace guard changed, and saluted with the utmost gravity. When, therefore, he went later to San Sebastian, a child-regiment was organized for his amusement. It proved the greatest delight to the young monarch, who inspected his seven hundred boy-soldiers with much zeal and duly shared their drills. On his tenth birthday Alphonso was allowed to don his first uniform—that of a pupil in the Infantry Training School—and his Governor, General Sanchez, is very careful that he should become a well-practiced soldier. The young King is a very satisfactory pupil. Besides the ordinary studies, he can speak French, English, German and Italian, and is a fair Latin and Greek scholar. In appearance he is more of a Hapsburg, like his mother, than a Bourbon. Tall and slim, he is decidedly fair, with curly hair, rather prominent forehead and a serious expression.

#### A HARD NOT.

I surely am fair Nellie's beau,  
Yet sorry is my lot;  
For, though I'm that, as well I know,  
I'm equally her not.

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Reverend sir, your mind's so narrow,  
That a subject before you  
Surely ought to yield its marrow,  
For you cut it right in two!

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